THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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TARA'S HALL.

Interesting Description of the Historic Spot Where the Harp Once Stirred the Souls of "Chiefs and Ladies Bright."

Immense Area Covered by the Relics of the Ancient Irish Court—Something About "the Stone of Destiny."

[*Irish Weekly Independent.*]

From the various historical accounts and the many different chronological computations by the various historical authorities, it is difficult to define the exact age in which Tara first became the seat of royalty. There is no doubt that the time is very remote, and we find it emerging from the clouds and mists of the dim mythic ages of a pre-historic period into the clear light of more reliable times, chronicled with an amount of accuracy which is really astonishing for so very early an age. We find by the bardic accounts that when a monarchial government was first formed in Ireland by the Firbolgs or Belgæ under Slaingh, who became their first monarch, he fixed the chief monarchial seat at this famous hill, which remained the royal residence of the chief monarch during the varying fortunes and subjugations of three successive colonies down to the year Anno Domini 563. According to the Four Masters, in the age of the world 3266 (or according to O'Flaherty's correct computation, 1,300 years before Christ) on the Firbolgs taking possession of Ireland, Slaighe was made king. His four brothers were Gann, Gennan, Slanggann and Rudraighe, all of whom reigned after him. The Four Masters state that in 3267 Slaighe died on the brink of the Boarbhe but according to Keating and the Leabhar-Gabhala, he died at Brugh, over the river Boyne, the locality where are to be seen the Irish Pyramids. The tower-land on the north bank [illegible] lying between [illegible] Righ, and [illegible] still bears the [illegible]

[illegible] archy, a period of [illegible] years, [illegible] according to the correct chronology of O'Flaherty, and during the interval, according to bardic history, there reigned in Ireland 143 monarchs, their chief seat being Tara. Of the first, the Firbolg or Belgic, there reigned nine, of the second, or Tuatha de Dannan, exactly the same number succeeded to the throne; and of the third and last colony, the Scotic or Milesian race, we are told that 133, and one Plebeian ruled the destinies of Ireland from the chief seat at Tara.

Of these three colonies of early settlers there reigned 136 Pagan and 6 Christian kings. It is not to be wondered at that this renowned hill, the seat of royalty for nearly 2,000 years, and associated as it is so closely with the history, literature, arts, science, laws, and religion of the country for so long a period, would be classic and sacred ground to the Irishman having a shred of love or affection for the land in which he first drew breath and saw the light. Although the ruthless hand of Time, and the more destructive hand of man, have made sad ravages among the remains of this seat of ancient splendor and glory, yet there is enough remaining to enable the antiquarian to point out the greater portion of those places, so accurately and minutely described by the bardic historians, and to enable us to form a correctness of judgment as to its extent and importance. There are earthworks of considerable extent and of various forms, chiefly circular entrenchments, with which habitations of light materials (formed most likely of wood) appear to have been connected. We take our way by the Slighe Tan no g-Carbad, or Slope of the Chariots, an ancient road leading to the North, and ascending by the very primitive causeway, which in the old topographical description of Tara has been so often alluded to, we gain the parallel lines, with the deep excavations between, running north and south, round which probably the greatest interest lies of any monument or earthwork to be found on the renowned hill, named in the Gaelic "Terch Miedhehuarta." An exhaustive and very interesting account of this hall, and the order and regularity and decorum which was maintained throughout the festival and the National Assembly, may be obtained at a glance at Keating's History of Ireland, which is not a very reliable authority, it is true, in many respects, from its being so full of fable and legendary matter, gleaned from the poetic records of the bardic historians. The Book of Rights, published a good many years ago by the Irish Celtic Society, has many poems describing the feast at Teamhair, in all its luxurious gorgeousness, where strict rules of precedence, the most perfect order, and decorum of the loftiest kind prevailed.

After inspecting the raised murs or earth embankments of the Moidhchuarta we take our way to Rath Caelchan, and to the remains of two circular duns beyond it, one of them being called Rath-Grainne, which brings to mind the romantic story of the princess of that name, while close by is Tubber Finn, which may be translated Fair Well, or otherwise the well of the celebrated warrior bearing the name of Finn. Proceeding southwards, we find the summit of the hill crowned by Rath-na-Seanadh, the Rath of the Synods or the King's Choir, where St. Adamnan, it is said, pitched his tent. This rath, which presents a double line of circumvallation, was used in Christian times, it is to be presumed, for ecclesiastical conventions as its name suggests. The eastern side of this rath has been encroached upon by an adjoining churchyard of more recent times, in which will be found some objects of archæological interest, the principal of which is a dat pillar-stone, which stands about six feet high. On the eastern face of this stone we find one of those peculiar naked human forms of Celtic relief, which is to be found again and again in ancient Christian churches in Ireland. This pillar-stone is supposed to be the shaft of St. Adamnan's Cross by some, and others the original Lia Fail; but of this I will treat further on. Adjacent to the Rath of Synods there is a short pillar-stone, which, it is believed, is one of the two Druidical stones called Bloc and Blanid, which, it is said, at the coronation opened to admit the chariot of the king. As we proceed southward from the summit, we meet perhaps the most interesting of all the structures to be found around this renowned hill, if we except the Great Hall, used for the banquet and State Convention held triennially.

It is a great oval enclosure, the most extensive of all those earthworks to be found upon or in the vicinity of the royal hill, and is called Rath na Riogh (Rath of the King) or Cathair of Cromthann. This Rath, its longest dimension, measures 250 yards, which will give some idea of its extensiveness, and although it has been blotted out in various places, the site can still be easily and accurately traced. Nearly central, within this extensive oval Rath, we meet a triple enclosure called the Forradh, between which and the outward circle is found on the north a small circular mound, known as Damhana-Ngiall, or Mound of the Hostages, where formerly the hostages taken from the different provinces were located; and between the same lines, on the south-east, is to be found Cormac's House, or Teach Cormaic; and between it and the Rath of Forradh it is said lay the ruins of Teamur. From this spot, sacred to the memory of a Milesian princess, and where it is believed she was buried, Tara has derived its name. It is spelled various ways—such as Tara, Teamur, Temair, Teamhair, Temora, Teamhmor, Teaghmor, the two latter signifying Great House, from which [illegible] by some writers that the [illegible] Before [illegible]

[illegible] ors of the Tuatha-De-Dannans, one of their two leaders, named Heremon, married in Spain his kinswoman Tea, daughter of Lugnauth, son of Ith.

According to the Annals of Clonmacnoise, translated by Connal Mageoghegan, and also by the annals of the Four Masters, we find that Tea requested, before landing in Ireland, the choice of a hill as her dower, which request was complied with. On her landing she chose the hill anciently called Druim Caoin, but afterwards, after her, Teamur, Tea's palace or hill, which name, as I have said, is modernized into Tara. This she selected as the place that should be ever after the principal seat of her posterity to dwell in and the place of her interment, where her mound and gravestone might be raised. And there, according to her request, the Four Masters say, she was interred. Besides being the last resting place of Tea, Rath Riogh is famous for still retaining the obelistic monolith believed to be the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, which was brought into Ireland from the Continent, it is believed, by the Tuatha de Dananns on their first arrival. This upright stele or circular pillar-stone is now to be found in the centre of the internal mound of the Forradh, where it was placed as a monument over the croppies' grave so late as 1798, having been removed for this purpose from the Mound of the Hostages, on the summit of which it formerly stood.

The Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, so famed in ancient history, and on which the Pagan Irish kings were used to be crowned, and which it is stated by numerous authorities roared beneath them at the time of their inauguration, no doubt by the clever and inventive genius and slight-of-hand of the Druids, was believed to possess the wonderful virtue that whatever kingdom was possessed of it should be ruled over by a prince of the Milesian blodd, of the race of the Irish kings. In order to fulfill this prediction in Scotland, it was sent over by an Irish king, it is said, with his son Fergus when he sailed to take possession of the Scottish monarchy, or in fact to found it, as he was its first monarch, and where he and succeeding monarchs were crowned upon it, until the reign of Edward the First of England, who translated it from Scone Abbey to Westminster Abbey, where it is still to be seen resting in the lower part of the Coronation Chair, and a very mean and unpresentable appearance it has. That this stone is not the real Stone of Destiny is strongly to be believed, for a people having such implicit faith in its virtues would never have let it go to a foreign land, and probably, to deceive the Scottish people, sent a counterfeit. Some of our ablest modern archæologists believe that the stone never went to or was sent to Scotland.

Petrie, that painstaking, learned and deep-searching antiquary, by his exhaustive references, force of reasoning, and powerful argument, in that great essay on the "History and Antiquities of Tara Hill," leads us to believe that the Lia Fail is undoubtedly to be found at Tara, and that the obelistic monolith over the insurgent's grave in the centre of the Forradh is it. O'Donovan and Wilde agree with him, that the stone is still at Tara, and never was sent to Scotland, but lean more to the belief that that in the churchyard, called the Cross of St. Adamnan, may have been it. To the east of the Forradh is a beautiful spring, called Tubber Neamhnack (New-

[illegible] nagh), and on the southern slope of the hill is the Rath of Laoghaire, where King Laoghaire (Leary), it is stated, was buried in a standing position, being the last King of Tara, who, though he followed his subjects to become Christians, adhered to Paganism until his death. On the summit of an elevation, about two furlongs distant in a southward direction, we will arrive at the Rath of Queen Meve, which is a fort of large proportions. There are numerous other mounds and raths mentioned by ancient writers. Petrie gives the translation of a very ancient Irish poem which enumerates, besides those in existence, many that are long since obliterated, and which will give us some notion of the Ancient City of Royalty. Sir William Wilde tells us that the year before he visited Tara, now nearly fifty years ago, one of the mounds had been carted away to Navan for manure, and that it was in contemplation to remove another the following year. But I trust we have seen the last of such vandalism in the locality.

G. H. M.

LITERARY.

"Home and Country."

Home and Country, Corporal James Tanner, editor, for October, in an entirely new dress and at a reduced price, still maintains its reputation as a high-class American magazine. The illustrated articles in this number are: Great Judges and Famous Lawyers, by Eugene Mason; A Reminiscence of the Civil War, by John L. Broome, Lieut.-Col. U.S.M.C.; The Chair-Boy's Charge, by Arthur Reed Kimball; The Artic Regions as a Summer Resort, by Dr. Frederick Cook; His Majesty's Court Ball, by Winnefred Grant; Zoe, by J. P. Frost, and Gibraltar, by Cecile De La Rue. There are also contributions by Lucy Corbell Pickett, the widow of General Pickett, who made the famous charge at Gettysburg, Count Erich Von Salden, Leon Mead, Major L. N. Boyd, George Ethelbert Walsh, James Kennedy, Clara A. Latton, Violet Monroe Mitchell, John Connor, Cora Stuart Wheeler, and Fred B. Wells. Published by Joseph W. Kay, 58 East Tenth street, New York. Subscription, $1.50 a year.

The Fair—What Did the Buildings Teach?

The beauty of the buildings themselves, the landscape effects and the water views have been shown in many forms, but what of the treasures of art and science, of industry that filled these palaces to overflowing? The [illegible] a general education. Thousands of surprising creations and curiosities—the Telautograph and other marvelous developments of electricity, the latest mechanical devices, the ethnological treasures from all the most noted collections; the display of the nations in the Liberal Arts building, the statuary from Italy, the gold and silversmiths' exhibits from London, the Tiffany gems, the Swiss wood carving, the Bohemian glass from Austria, the French bronzes, the German porcelain, Japanese vases, the great telescope and countless others; the Horticultural building, with the rare ferns; cacti, fruits and flowers from every land; the United States government display; the model postal-car, mint, models from the patent office, the historic relics; the life size soldiery from the Puritan to the staff officer of today; the Fisheries, with its monster aquarium and interesting exhibits; the Palace of Fine Arts, with its seventy-two galleries of statuary and paintings; the foreign buildings, teeming with interesting, strange and curious collections illustrative of the customs, habits, resources and art of people of other lands; the State buildings; the Midway, its cosmopolitan life and features; the Mines building, with the greatest mineral display ever brought together, the coal pyramid, the diamond mines of South Africa, and the great Strumm exhibits; the Agricultural building, illustrating the agricultural resources of the nations of the world; the Krupp pavilion; the Transportation building, showing the methods of transportation from the earliest period to the present time, the original Grace Darling boat, the sectional steamship, the Nicaragua canal model, the great 999 engine, the mammoth locomotive, "Lord of the Isles"; the Woman's building, with the Queen of Italy's laces, the French salon, the Colonial exhibits, the examples of woman's work in all countries. There is but one work which illustrates and describes the wonderful exhibits. It has been in course of preparation for nearly two years, and is the most magnificently illustrated work ever issued in America. The title is "The Book of the Fair," 2,500 copperplate engravings, 1,000 beautiful pages. Text by Hubert Howe Bancroft. Published in twenty-five parts at $1.00 each. Applicants for agencies should address as below. Illustrated pamphlet mailed free on application. The Bancroft Company, Publishers, 30 and 31 Auditorium Building, Chicago, Ill.

Like "Sweet Bells Jangled Out of Tune,"

Weak nerves respond harshly and inharmoniously to slight shocks, which would produce no affect upon strong ones. The shrill outcry of a child, the slamming of a door, the rattling of a vehicle over uneven pavement and other trifling disturbances effect weak nerves—sensitive nerves, sorely. Nervousness is largely attributable to dyspepsia and non-assimilation of the food, a very usual concomitant of sleeplessness. Digestion and assimilation renewed by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, soon beget nerve quietude and sound repose. The great alterative causes the liver and bowels to unite in co-operative harmony with the stomach, whereby the general tone of the system is raised to the true standard of health. In malarial complaints, rheumatism and kidney trouble, the Bitters produce excellent results.

BLAINE'S PROPHECY.

Remarkable Fulfillment of the Dead Statesman's Prediction's in Regard to the Effects of Free Trade Victory.

He said the Working People Would Suffer and They Have Suffered.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 13.—Attention is called here to the remarkable prophetic utterance of James G. Blaine seven years ago, immediately after the promulgation of the celebrated Free-Trade message of President Cleveland in December, 1887. Mr. Blaine had just returned from Europe and delivered an address before a great audience in Boston. At that time it was the manifest intention of the Cleveland Democratic party to assail the industries of the country; but they were thwarted in the effort by the decision of the people at the polls in 1888. Since then, however, they have practically accomplished their desires, and the prophecy of Mr. Blaine has been fulfilled to the letter.

In discussing the question, then prevalent as it is now, Mr. Blaine said:

"I love my country and my countrymen. I am an American, and rejoice every day of my life that I am. I enjoy the general prosperity of my country, and know that the workingmen of this land are the best fed and the best clothed of any laborers on the face of the earth. Many of them have homes of their own. They are surrounded by all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. I shudder, however, at the thought that the time must come when all this will be changed, when the general prosperity of the country will be destroyed, when the great body of workingmen in this land, who are now so prosperous, will hear their wives and children cry for bread; that the day must come when the great factories and manufactories of this land will shut down, and there will be the silence of the tomb.

"And the reason why it must be so is this: The great Southern wing of the Democratic party are determined to establish the doctrine of Free Trade in this land. They will be assisted by their Northern allies. The fight is now on. There is a great body of visionary but educated men who are employed day by day in writing Free-Trade essays and arguments in favor of that doctrine, which find their way into every Democratic newspaper in the land.

"The great body of our people have never experienced, themselves, the sufferings which always result when the protective principles are laid aside. Poisoned and excited by the wild statements of these writers and the demagogue appeals of Democratic speakers, the result will be that, in the very near future, these forces which are now working will be strong enough to defeat at the polls the party advocating the doctrine of Protection. It must inevitably follow that uncertainty and doubt will ensue.

"The business men of the country, fearing the destruction, will decline to engage in business; consequently mills will shut down and the workingmen will be thrown out of employment. The people will then see, as we never have seen before, that they cannot be prosperous and have work while this principle is threatened. In the midst of this suffering they will learn that the only way that they can be prosperous and happy is to vote for the party that will build up the industries by which they have gained a livelihood—because they can see clearly that when a manufactory is shut down there is no demand for the thing which they have to sell, and that is their labor."

It has all come true, says the Washington *Post*, an independent paper. With due respect and reverence for holy writ it may nevertheless be said that nothing in the prophecies of the seers of the Hebrews has been more accurately fulfilled in the fulness of time than the remarkable utterance of Mr. Blaine. The time has come when the great factories and manufactories of the country have shut down. The time has come when the general prosperity of the country has been destroyed. The great body of workingmen in this land who were then so prosperous have heard their wives and children cry for bread. The great body of our people have now experienced themselves the sufferings which always result when protective principles are laid aside. The business men of the country fear destruction and withhold their investments.

In the midst of this suffering the people have learned the valuable lesson that Protection is as necessary to the workshop as to the home, and out of the chaos and ruin wrought by the Democratic party they will emerge with clear minds and firmer determinations to demand and compel protection to American industries in order that they may compel protection for their American homes.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

LAMENT FOR DONEGAL.

BY PATRICK MAC MANUS.

Weep on! weep on! your hour is past
Your dream of pride is o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast
And you are men no more.
—*Moore.*

Ah Donegal! ah Donegal! what glories once were thine!
What lustre gilded History's page and flashed from ev'ry line,
When Donegal was *ollave's* theme, was poets only lay,
And heads were high and hearts were true beneath O'Donel's sway!

What golden splendors graced thy halls, what gallant deeds *ochone!*
Ere Christ was known in Bethlehem, or Romulus in Rome;
When learning sought and found a home where now she seeks in vain,
When savage roamed o'er Europe's plains the Saxon and the Dane!

Ah Donegal! ah Donegal! remember Allech's halls,
And list,—how sadly sighs the wind thro' Grainan's ruined walls;
Atlantic mourns those glories gone, the heavens weep their fame,
E'en Muckish veils his wrinkled brow, and bows his head in shame.

What light now shines from Tory's tower? what currach glides below?
What scribes make famous Dun-na-gal, Kitarron, Assaroe?
What lances wait by Foyle and Finn, or guard the Erne's shore?
MacSweeney's axes, Fanad fall? O'Dogherty's, Culmore?

Ah Donegal! ah Donegal! when yet untamed your pride,
Remember how with Columb-Cille, King Dermot you defied.
And won that precious Battle Book, which all the world admires,
Our oldest, richest heritage of proud and warrior sires.

Remember how with Brian Boru, on Conway's bloody plain
The Danish hordes were vanquished, their pirate chiefs were slain;
Thy arm was strong, thy aim was sure, the blow [illegible]
Till Er[illegible] monarch praised the men of Donegal!

Ah Donegal! ah Donegal! the pirate rules once more;
His redcoats gleam on Liffey's stream, pollute the Shannon shore;
The corsair holds Eblana's towers and sneers at Tara's fame;—
E'en o'er O'Donel's castle old his bloody banners flame!

His ensigns wave, his dark hulks wait by frowning Inishowen;
Lough Swilly's waves his warship float since Conal's chiefs have flown;
In Sligo bay his squadrons lie;—O'Connor's ships are gone!
And Love and Light have left the land, despairing Freedom's dawn!

Ah Donegal! ah Donegal! recall the days of old,
When Fortune smiled on Conal's race, then free and brave and bold;
And Geoffrey led the clansmen to victory and renown,
And fearless razed their Saxon forts, and tore their banners down;

Tir-Conal's keep was then the home of ev'ry outlawed bard,
Where ev'ry valiant chieftain's deeds were sung by MacAward.
There too a helpless hunted child, on Silken Thomas' fall
The Geraldine found home and friends.—chivalric Donegal!

Ah Donegal! ah Donegal! remember deeds of pride,
When banded chieftains in the field, the pirates' pow'r defied;
The O'Donel marched thro' Connacht in those resplendent days,
And Erin's sunset glory woke brilliant bardic lays.

But woe is me! those days are gone—their memory moves but few,
And traitor knaves in Banba's Isle delay the vengeance due.
A servile race now tread those hills, a foreign flag floats o'er,
And Conal's kin and Conal's tongue are dying on the shore!!

Ah Donegal! ah Donegal! now weeping by the sea,
Can naught for Erin thy children, but weep for her and thee?
Can naught but harp of glories gone 'twere better leave unsung.
Than strain our Gaelic voices, in the hissing tyrant's tongue?

* * * * * *

Sleep on Hugh Ruadh in vine-clad Spain, where Poesy decks thy grave,
Thy spirit wakes by Aileach yet, when Ocean tempests rave;
The scattered kern still wait thee,—some watch by Barnesmore;
Some, weary way-worn wanderers, by Titicaca's shore.

CHILLAYA, Bolivia, May 8, 1894.

HIBERNIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

The Archbishop's Endorsement of the Ancient Order.

The large hall at Milwaukee ave. and Noble st. was crowded with an appreciative audience anxious for the programme to commence on Friday, Oct. 19th. Division No. 3 had distributed the invitations to their Fifteenth Annual entertainment and ball far and near, and the remembrance of pleasant evenings at similar gatherings under the auspices of Division No. 3, brought together as bright a gathering of the Celtic race as it has been the writer's fortune to meet in the West. The programme submitted was choice in selection, and we are glad to remark, of a higher tone than that found fault with in our last issue. The singing of Messrs Hayes and Casper was received with hearty encores and was good in style and voice. The recitative and musical trio of Misses O'Connor and Shay was very pleasing and received earned applause. Our old friend, Brother Barney Delany, with his merry bagpipes and Brother Lavelle's excellent dancing set the house in a roar. The selections rendered by the Harvey Musical Club were very choice, and a splendid exhibition of instrumental skill with perfect harmony, between violin, mandolin and guitar professors. State President, J. T. Keating, spoke on the need of organization amongst the Irish-American Catholics of the Republic. The demand of the hour among our people was cohesion of interest, the drawing together of the well-to-do and the struggling masses of the race; the baffling of the attempt of designing men, Catholics only in name, leading the intelligence of our people to ends and uses unworthy them and their forefathers that the slow insiduous but deadly attempt of the modern traitors to teach the youth of our impulsive race that respect for the ballot and other institutions should be regarded lightly when the end justified the means. The A. O. H. was the one society where the young Irish American Catholic could find sympathy and encouragement on the paths of rectitude and patriotism. The speaker concluded with a review of the condition of Irish affairs in the Old Land, and suggestions as to the duties of the Irish citizen of the new, in reference to the same.

The chief event of the evening was the remarkable elocutionary effort of Miss Nellie Lyons, daughter of County Delegate Lyons. Miss Lyons chose the sad story of Hiawatha and Minnehaha as her subject, and did Longfellow justice. Her gestures and voice, her face and attitude gave intelligent interpretation to the spirit of the poem. The little maiden seemed animated by some instinctive sympathy with the suffering Dacotahs, and, notwithstanding the severe strain on her memory (being but twelve years old) she kept her audience spell bound from the first until the last verse. We congratulate our friends in Division No. 3, on the happy thought which placed Miss Lyons on the programme, and trust her wonderful talent will be availed of at future entertainments. The ball which succeeded the entertainment was largely attended, and dancing was keyt up until four o'clock a. m. Great credit is due our brothers of No. 3 for their excellent management. The committee, consisting of Messrs. Jas. Perkins, John Lavelle, John J. Cullinan, James Gorman and C. S. Hanrahan, were ably assisted by the division officers, and we noticed on the floor our esteemed friend Luke H. Lyons, supported by Brothers J. J. Cullinan, James Shannon and Mr. Naughton, watching over the comforts of their numerous guests. The remembrance of so pleasant an evening will not be soon forgotten, and District No. 3 may be certain of as numerous a crowd at their next entertainment.

The endorsement of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of America by the Archbishops assembled in conference a short time since, has been welcome news to all members. With such testimony of worth and standing, the A. O. H. will branch forth with redoubled effort and renewed zeal in behalf of Faith and Motherland. All officers of the Society should make effort to spread the good news, which will assist many to understand that the A. O. H. must have sound proof of its claims on Irish Catholics, when church dignities of so high standing set their seal of approval on its work.

SHAUN.

CHICAGO, Oct. 22.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

ARRIVAL OF STEAMERS.

White Star Line.

The Steamship Majestic arrived at New York on Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 10 o'clock a.m.

The Teutonic arrived at Queenstown on Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 8 o'clock p.m.

MOB LAW IN OHIO.

Results in a Bloody Collision with the Militia.

SIX SPECTATORS SHOT TO DEATH.

Real Rioters Seem to Escape Injury—Attempt to Outrage the Law by a Lynching Responsible for the Bloodshed—All Quiet at Latest Accounts.

WASHINGTON COURT HOUSE, O., Oct. 18.—William Dolby, colored, who one week ago criminally assaulted Mrs. Mary C. Boyd, aged 55, at Parrett's station near here, was captured at Delaware, O., and brought into court at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary. It was a case of railroading, a special grand jury having been summoned for the express purpose of indicting the prisoner, which it did promptly—it would have been as much as its members' lives were worth to have done otherwise. The negro was promptly tried, pleaded guilty and generally everything that could legally be done to calm the mob spirit was done. But the mob wanted blood. Nothing else would satisfy it and it gathered about the jail first and then about the court room demanding the "nigger."

Called for Military Protection.

This being the case Sheriff Cook called out the local militia company Tuesday evening, and with it guarded the jail. This action making it mosre difficult for the mob to have its way, of course inreased its fury, and Governor McKinley was appealed to for additional assistance, and troops from Columbus were sent here yesterday morning, Colonel Colt in command. The mob surrounding the jail and court house attempted to take Dolby from the officers when removed from the jail to the court house for trial, but were kept at bay by the free use of bayonets and clubbed guns. While bringing him from the jail the mob charged and almost succeeded in getting him. Henry Kirk, the brother-in-law of the assaulted woman, was knocked down the steps and badly bruised. Another man was bayonetted through the finger, while a bayonet was thrust through the clothes of another.

Deputies with revolvers drawn guarded the prisoner in the court room. Dolby cried like a baby and kept looking around for help. Soldiers were marched in to keep the crowd quiet. After the sentence the prisoner was taken to the grand jury room. A mob gathered about the court house and the officers were powerless to get Dolby from the court house to the jail, or to the train, and Sheriff Cook wired the governor to send more troops. The mob grow rapidly in numbers and desperation. Colonel Colt made a speech asking the crowd to disperse, but it was received with jeers. The prisoner was prostrate from fear, and lay crying and moaning all the time.

Troops Fire on the Rioters.

The mob kept Dolby and his guards prisoners in the court house until 6 p. m. and then made an attack. The militia repelled them without firing at first, but at 6:45 p. m. one gang of rioters attacked the south door and another the north door simultaneously and the south door was forced open. Some one threw a stone at Colonel Colt, and he cried out that at the next stone thrown he would order the men to fire. The open door gave on the street, which was filled with women and children, many yelling, "Give us the nigger." Another stone was thrown and the troops fired, not on the attacking party, it seems, but as usual, over their heads.

At any rate not a man of the real rioters was hit, but the volley dealt death and wounds among the people who were looking on. Two were killed outright and four more were fatally wounded, one having since died. The killed are: Smith Welsh, aged 16, and Jesse Judy. Mack Johnson, of Williamsburg, Brown county, died in an hour. William Sams, shot through the bowels, fatally; George Keating, aged 14, shot through both legs and groin, will die; F. L. Nitterhouse, an old and prominent citizen, shot through both ankles. A full list of the wounded cannot be had as they were taken away promptly, but the following are known: Theo. Ammerman, Dial Parrett, John McCune, John Korn, Earnest Ellis, Frank Smith.

Business Places Closed.

Upon the firing the mob dispersed in all directions, and immediately all places of business in the city were shut up. Mayor Creamer peremptorily closed all places where liquors were sold. Every street was filled with people. Mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts crowded around the dead and wounded and added pathos to the scene and fire to the rage of the mob by their lamentations. Against the militia the indignation was bitter, vicious, and vehement. It pervaded all classes.

As the time passed the mob grew in size and fury. All over the country by telephone, by courier and by electric wires the news had sped. All the roads leading to the city were filled with men on horseback, in wagons and on foot, hurrying with all possible speed to the scene of bloodshed. Meanwhile in Washington Courthouse a search was going on for arms and ammunition and for dynamite.

Shouts were heard, "Down with the militia;" "Blow up the dogs along with the black fiend." These shouts but feebly expressed the pent-up passion of everybody, for everybody was in the street and all were members of the mob as far as personal feeling was concerned. Men moved about as if bent on business, but said nothing. There is no doubt a purpose to blow up the court house.

At 11:30 last night the mob was diminishing and it is believed that when the Cincinnati regiment arrives and the prisoner is taken to Columbus on a special all trouble will be over. During the night the soldiers in the jail fired on all suspicious persons, as they feared the jail would be blown up with dynamite.

ALL IS QUIET IN OHIO.

Turbulence at Washington Court House Abates and Peace Reigns.

WASHINGTON COURT HOUSE, O., Oct. 19.—Washington Court House is as quiet here now as though rioting and bloodshed had never been seen within its borders. The withdrawal of the last detachment of soldiers with their implements of death acted like a soothing potion upon the half crazed populace. From that hour the excitement rapidly subsided.

The troops, reinforced by several hundred from various points, formed a hollow square, and with Dolby and the sheriff in the center marched to the station, where they boarded a train and in a few hours the negro rapist was safe in the penitentiary at Columbus.

Of the wounded during the riot Theodore Ammerman is dying and F. L. Nitterhouse can hardly survive. Little Geo. Keating, whose injuries were at first thought surely fatal, may recover, but will be horribly maimed. Considerable excitement was caused by a rumor that an attempt on Sheriff Cook's life would be made, but this cannot be traced to any reliable source. Cook has returned from Columbus but has kept indoors. There is still much feeling against him.

The following is a complete list of the dead and those whose wounds demand medical attention: Dead—Smith Welsh, aged 14; Jesse Judy, aged 25; Mack Johnson, aged 23; William A. Sams. Fatally injured—Theo. Ammerman, F. L. Nitterhouse, George Keating. Painfully wounded—Earnest Ellis, John McHugh, John Korns, Water Leach, H. C. Morris, Frank Smith, Miss Hannah Coughlin, Grace Morris, Frank Jackson, Dial Parrett, J. W. Wilcox, Dale Dewitt, and Leon and Charles Bloomer.

PROMINENT MEN INDICTED.

Nelson Morris and Others on a Federal Grand Jury List.

CHICAGO, Oct. 20.—The federal grand jury has made its final report on the rebates alleged to have been paid by the Santa Fe railroad in violation of the interstate commerce law and has returned six indictments against the officials of the road and shippers, who, it is claimed, received the rebates. One man indicted is Joseph W. Rhinehart, ex-president of the company, and one of the shippers against whom a true bill was returned is Nelson Morris, the well-known packer. Joined in the same indictment with Rhinehart was John A. Hanley, general freight traffic manager of the road, who resigned two weeks ago.

The names of other persons included in the indictments were not disclosed by the federal officials, and will not be until the warrants are served. It is generally believed, however, that other indictments are against Isaac Thompson, shipper, of Kansas City; G. H. Hammonds, of Hammond, Ind., and a clerk in the employ of the Atchison road, who is alleged to have made out the rebates. No warrants for the indicted officials and shippers were issued, but will be today.

FATAL FIRE AT HOUSTON.

Two Persons Burned to Death and a Third Fatally Scorched.

HOUSTON, Tex., Oct. 17.—Fire originating in the San Jacinto hotel spread to St. Joseph's infirmary, destroying two of the buildings of that institution. Five other buildings were burned, causing a loss altogether of about $350,000, with $150,000 insurance. The most serious loss, however, was the destruction of life, two persons having been cremated and one probably fatally injured.

The two lost were Sisters Dorleral and Jane, of the infirmary, whose remains were recovered burned beyond recognition. Sister Clothilde was badly burned and it is thought she cannot live. There were a number of narrow escapes and several persons badly injured by jumping from the second story of the San Jacinto hotel. None were fatally hurt, however. Two patients reported missing have been accounted for.

Columbus Club Celebrates.

CHICAGO, Oct. 23.—"Landing Day" for the last two years has been celebrated at the Columbus Club. Last night at the club house the annual banquet in commemoration of the discovery of the continent took place. The following toasts were proposed and responded to in the order given: "His Holiness Leo XIII.," Archbishop Feehan; "The President of the United States," Hon. W. G. Ewing; "Catholic Clubs and Their Opportunities in the Field of Social Reform," Rev. P. J. Agnew; "Constitutional Government, or the Preservation of Individual Liberty, Personal, Political and Religious," Hon. Timothy E. Tarsney; "Current Thinking," W. R. Harper; "Duty of the Citizen to the Republic," James F. Meagher; "The Press," Washington Hesing.

Alix Easily Beats Directum.

MEDFORD, Mass., Oct. 22.—Alix and Directum met in a match race on Mystic Park track for a purse of $11,000 and the owner of Alix has the purse. The weather was everything that could be wished for a great race and so was the track, but there was no great race. Alix won easily, Directum seeming to be lacking in condition. The consequence was that Alix was not pushed and the first mile was made in 2:09, the second in 2:14¾. Then Directum was found to have cut his foot and he was withdrawn, Alix getting the race. She then gave an exhibition mile in 2:07¾.

Baptist Young People's Union.

PONTIAC, Ills., Oct. 20.—The programme of the Baptist General Association was occupied by the fourth annual session of the Illinois Baptist Young People's Union. The report of the board of managers, W. I. Manny general secretary, recommended that there be more aggressive and systematic work in the way of giving, general observance of the Christian culture course, association organization, appointment of junior leaders, and rally committees.

Alix Beats Directum.

BOSTON, Oct. 22.—Alix won the first heat of the race with Directum by three lengths. Time, 2:09. The second heat was won by Alix handily by four lengths. Time, 2:14¾. The race ended with the second heat when Directum was drawn. He is under the care of a veterinary surgeon.

THE DEATH RECORD.

Mrs. BETTIE L. S. HARRISON, sister-in-law of ex-President Harrison, at Minneapolis.

Rev. CHARLES WOODHOUSE, old time Universalist minister, at Rutland, Vt.

Captain FRED BOOTHMAN, well known vessel master, at Cleveland.

Rev. E. HAZARD SNOWDEN, oldest Presbyterian minister in Pennsylvania, at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

JOHN ROCHE, wealthy citizen of Huntington, Ind.

JOSEPH L. LYTLE, well-known steamboat captain, at Pittsburg.

CHARLES J. BUTLER, of the Butler Iron works, at Stillwater, Minn.

L. S. MERCHANT, editor Cedar Rapids Republican, at Cedar Rapids, Ia.

WILLIAM KIRBY, old and highly respected citizen of Milwaukee.

L. A. WARNER, pioneer manufacturer of Freeport, Ills.

MONROE HEATH, mayor of Chicago in 1876, at Asheville, N. C.

JOSEPH DORSETT BEDLE, ex-governor of New Jersey, at New York.

MATTHEW HUNTER, old resident of Bloomington, Ills.

COOK GANG AT WORK.

CARRYING AWAY BUT A SMALL QUANTITY OF BOOTY.

But Giving Another Illustration of How Traffic Is at the Mercy of the Thug—Four Officers on the Train Who Don't Seem to Have Been of Any Use.

WAGONER, I. T., Oct. 22.—The Kansas City and Memphis express was wrecked and robbed by the Cook gang of desperadoes at Correta, a blind siding, five miles south of here. The train was running twenty miles an hour, and when within 100 feet of the switch a man came out from behind an embankment and threw the switch for the sidetrack, running the train into a string of empty box cars. Engineer James Harris applied the air brakes and reversed the engine. The robbers commenced firing at the engine and coaches. As soon as the train stopped two of the robbers commanded the engineer and fireman to come down and marched them in front of them to the baggage and express cars.

Did Their Work Like Experts.

Here they forced Express Messenger Ford to open the doors by perforating the side of the car with bullets. Meanwhile two more of the robbers had taken up a position at the rear end of the sleeper to prevent any one escaping, two others mounted the platform between the smoker and baggage car, and two more on the platform between first and second coaches, all keeping up a continual firing. The two robbers in the express car were meanwhile ransacking the express car, securing all the money in the local safe. They commanded Messenger Ford to open the through safe, but when he explained that the safe was locked at the main office and not opened until it reached its destination they left the car.

Robbed the Passengers Next.

The two on ths front platform then started through the first coach, demanding money and valuables. As soon as they reached the rear end of the coach the two men on that platform started through the second coach. When they were about half way through a freight train following close behind whistled and Bill Cook, the leader, who had all the time remained outside issuing commands, swearing at the passengers and shooting, called for all hands to come out. The men on the cars jumped out and when all were on the ground fired a volley at the train and disappeared in the darkness. There were eight or ten men in the party. Two of them were white and the others were half-breeds.

The Officials Were Too Slow.

Jack Mahara, an advance agent for Mahara's minstrels, was hit in the forehead by a bullet and dangerously if not fatally wounded. Walter Barnes, of Van Buren, Ark., was also slightly injured by a bullet striking him in the cheek. Special Officers Helmick and Dickson, of the Missouri Pacific, were on the train, also United States Deputy Marshals Brunner and Casaver, but they were covered by Winchesters in the hands of the bandits before they had time to make a move. The train was backed up to this place for assistance and to give the injured medical attendance. The entire train was completely riddled with bullets, every window being broken.

ENGINE CAB SHOT TO PIECES.

Two Indications of the Playful Earnestness of the Desperadoes.

The engine cab was shot all to pieces, even the steam gauge and gauge lamp being shot away and the ground around the wreck covered with empty shells. It was a miracle that many lives were not lost, as fully 200 shots were fired. The Missouri Pacific immediately started a special train from from Little Rock carrying Superintendent W. J. McKee and picking up deputy marshals. United States Indian Agent Wisdom, of Muskogee, has ordered all the Indian police to report for duty and will take the trail. Conductor W. Duncan, in charge of the robbed train, when interviewed said:

"I was in the sleeper when we struck the cars on the sidetrack. I thought it was a head-on collision, and knowing that we were closely followed by a freight I grabbed a red lamp and started back to flag. When I reached the rear end I was confronted by two men, who ordered me back in the car. I told them we were closely followed by a freight and would be run into, and asked them to let me go back to flag them. One of the men replied, "Well, go on, and hurry up." I started back as fast as I could, but, being troubled with asthma, could not go very fast. The two men began firing at me, and told me to go faster."

Express Messenger W. T. Ford declined to say anything further than that the robbers got everything they could lay their hands on outside of the through safe. The mail car was not molested. The loss of the express company will not exceed $500, as instructions had been issued to all agents in the territory to receive no money or valuables for this train, and only the company money, remitted by local agents, was carried outside the through safe. Six of the gang passed through Wagoner, going at a slow trot, and seemingly not the least afraid of being captured.

Indicted for Fine Land Frauds.

MADISON, Wis., Oct. 22.—Four men have been indicted by the United States grand jury to answer the various charges in connection with alleged pine land frauds in the Ashland region. They are Warren E. McCord, of Chippewa Falls, for conspiracy to defraud the United States of public lands and for perjury; Robert C. Heydlauff, receiver of the Ashland office during the Harrison regime, for conspiracy, perjury, forgery, embezzlement and presenting false claims against the government; Arthur R. Osborne, of Ashland, for conspiracy, and Mrs. Gussie L. Andrews, of Iron River, for conspiracy. Osborne has been arraigned and put under $10,000 bonds.

Ex-Pension Examiners Indicted.

DES MOINES, Ia., Oct. 20.—The federa grand jury has returned eight indictments against each of the three members of the late board of pension examiners at Carroll. The indicted physicians are: Dr. S. C. Dunkel, Dr. A. L. Wright, and Dr. G. S. Stockley.

Declined to Certify a Populist.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 19.—The secretary of state has declined to issue a certificate of nomination to Singleton B. Allen, People's party candidate for the senate in the forty-fifth district, as the party did not cast 2 per cent. of the vote at the last general election

POISON AND CANCER.

The Latest Reported Causes of the Illness of the Czar.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—The Daily News has this from its Vienna correspondent: "A cipher telegram received here from Russia yesterday declared that it was impossible to send news except by letter across the frontier. A Vienna daily asserts that the czar's illness is the consequence of arsenical poisoning." From St. Petersburg The News has this: "The latest advices from Livadia are that, despite the fact that he is out of bed, the czar's case is hopeless. The doctors have discovered that he has a cancer. In the last ten days he has lost thirty-two pounds. The excitement here and in Moscow is indescribable."

Another dispatch from St. Petersburg says: "It is everywhere recognized that the doctors in attendance upon the czar have no hope of his recovery and that they are only devoting their efforts to prolong his majesty's life until the arrival of Princess Alix at Yalta so that her marriage to the czarewitch may be celebrated before his death. It is asserted that the physicians have now been compelled to turn their attentions to the czarina whose mind is said to be seriously affected by the strain of nursing her husband.

"The special services in all the churches were well attended. The reverence displayed and the sincerity of the prayers offered show how deeply the public mind is affected. In the theatres here and at Moscow during the past few days there have been numerous instances during the intervals between the acts of the audience calling on the orchestras to play the national hymn "God Protect the Czar," to which the people would listen standing. An unofficial dispatch has been received from Livadia stating that the czar passed a better night and had been able to sleep a little. This somewhat alleviated the anxiety.

"After this bulletin nothing was received until 9 o'clock last evening, when another private dispatch reported a continued slight improvement in his majesty's condition, also that he had a better appetite. This was confirmed at 11 o'clock by the following official bulletin from Livadia: 'During the past twenty four hours the emperor has had rather more sleep. His majesty was up today as usual and his appetite is rather better. He is more composed. Otherwise there is no change.' This bulletin is signed by the five physicians in attendance upon his majesty."

Father Ivan (Holy John of Cronstadt), who, it is said, has gone to Livadia to pray for the recovery of the czar, enjoys supreme authority among orthodox Russians, who regard him as an omniscient seer, and devoutly believe in his miracle cures. He devotes all his gifts to the poor, and his wife was obliged to apply to the czar for help. The czar ordered that a pension of 3,000 rubles be paid to her yearly, and told her to let her husband do as he pleased.

Wife Murder and Suicide.

HANNIBAL, Mo., Oct. 23.—Sanford Baldwin murdered his wife in this city and then killed himself. The weapon used was a double barreled shotgun. Baldwin was 50 years old and his wife 35. Both had been married before their union last August, the woman having four children, one of whom Baldwin did not like. Quarrels over this one were frequent, Baldwin [illegible] one of these outbreaks threatening his wife's life. She, much alarmed, went with her children to the home of a neighbor. She returned alone in the morning. The quarrel was renewed and the tragedy followed.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.

Money on call easy. Offered at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 3@4½ per cent.; sterling exchange steady with actual business in bankers' bills 487½@488¼ for demand and 486¾@486¾ for sixty days; posted rates 487@½ 488. Commercial bills 485¾.

Silver certificates, 63¾ bid; no sales; bar silver, 63¾. Mexican dollars, 51¼.

United States bonds, 5's regular, 118½; do 5's coupons, 119¼; do 4's regular, 114½; do 4's coupons, 114½; do 2's, regular, '96 114½; Pacific 6's of '95, 101.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Oct. 22.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—October, opened 58¾c, closed 61¾c; December, opened 53¾c, closed 57¾c; May, opened 58c, closed 57¾c. Corn — October, opened 50¼c, closed 50c; December, opened 49c, closed 48¾c; May, opened 50¼c, closed 50¼c. Oats—October, opened 28c, closed 28c; December, opened 29¼c, closed 29c; May, opened 32¾c, closed 32¾c. Pork — October, opened $—, closed $12.57½; January, opened $12.30, closed $12.27½. Lard—October, opened $7.10, closed $7.17½.

Produce: Butter — Extra creamery, 22c per lb; extra dairy, 20c; packing stock, 12½@13c. Eggs—17c per doz, loss off. Live poultry —Chickens, 6@6½c per lb; ducks, 8@8½c; December, opened 49c, closed 48¾c; May, opened 50¼c, closed 50¼c. Oats—October, opened 28c, closed 28c; December, opened 29¼c, closed 29c; May, opened 32¾c, closed 32¾c. Pork — October, opened $—, closed $12.57½; January, opened $12.30, closed $12.27½. Lard—October, opened $7.10, closed $7.17½.

Produce: Butter — Extra creamery, 22c per lb; extra dairy, 20c; packing stock, 12½@13c. Eggs—17c per doz, loss off. Live poultry —Chickens, 6@6½c per lb; ducks, 8@8½c; turkeys, 8@9c; geese, $6.00@7.00 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 58@60c per bu; Hebrons, 56@57c; Rose, 55@57c; early Ohio, 55@61c. Sweet potatoes, Illinois, $1.00@1.25 per bbl. Apples—Common to choice, $1.00@2.50 per bbl. Cranberries—Cape Cod, choice, $8.00@8.50 per bbl; $2.50@3.00 per 1-bu box. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 15@18½c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c per lb.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Oct. 22.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 30,000; sales ranged at $3.25@4.60 pigs, $4.30@4.65 light, $4.30@4.55 rough packing, $4.40@4.85 mixed, and $4.60@5.10 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day, 21,000; quotations ranged at $4.45@6.00 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.50@4.35 good to choice do, $3.85@4.60 fair to good, $3.40@4.10 common to medium do, $3.15@3.75 butchers' steers, $2.80@2.95 stockers, $2.90@3.40 feeders, $1.25@2.90 cows, $2.40@3.20 heifers, $1.50@3.50 bulls, $2.90@3.10 Texas steers, $2.75@4.40 western rangers, and $3.00@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts for the day, 14,000; prices ranged at $1.50@2.90 western $1.70@2.60 Texans, $1.75@3.80 natives, and $2.00@4.15 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, Oct. 22.

Cattle—Market slow and weak. Hogs—45 loads on sale; prices 10@15c lower; mediums, heavy and choice Yorkers, $4.80@5.00; roughs, $4.00@4.35; stags, $3.75@4.00. Sheep and lambs—Market dull and lifeless; 50 loads on sale; best wethers, $4.00@3.25; fair to good mixed sheep, $2.00@2.25; common to fair, $1.25@1.65, choice lambs, $3.50@3.75; fair to good, $2.90@3.30.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 22.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 55c; No. 1 northern, 61¼c; May, 56¼c. Corn—No. 3 white, 52c. Oats—No. 2 white, 31¾c; No. 3 white, 31c. Barley—No. 2, 53c; samples, 52@56c. Rye—No. 1, 49¼c.

Toledo Grain.

TOLEDO, Oct. 22.

Wheat—No. 2 cash, 53¾c; October, 53¾c; December, 55c; May, 57¾c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 50c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 28¼c; No. 2 white, 31½c. Rye—Cash, 49c. Clover seed—Prime cash, $5.17½; October, $5.17½; February, $5.30

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

Happenings and Doings in All Parts of the State Reported by Telegraph and Placed Where They Can Be Readily Perused by Our Own People.

SAG BRIDGE, Ills., Oct. 23.—An attempt was made to wreck the late train on the Alton road two miles east of here. Fortunately the attempt was a failure, for there were about 300 passengers on board. The train was that known as the theater train that leaves Chicago at 12 o'clock every Saturday night. When about two miles east of here the engine crashed into some ties which had been placed along the track just inside the rails. The engine's pilot struck them in such a way that they were thrown off the track. It is believed by some the obstruction was placed on the track by tramps.

Two Mysterious Suicides.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 23.—The town of New Berlin, this county, is greatly excited over two mysterious suicides within twenty-four hours. Dr. Charles E. Langdon, a young and prominent physician, was found lying dead in his office with a bullet hole through his head and a revolver in his hand. He had spent the evening before with Miss Annie Chilton, his affianced. Miss Chilton denies that anything unpleasant passed between her and Langdon. Last evening Wabash section men discovered a dying man lying near the track at New Berlin, revolver in hand and a bullet hole in his temple. He is supposed to be Harvey Young, of Kinderhook, Ills.

Assaulted in His Barnyard.

TUSCOLA, Ills., Oct. 23.—Hans Frahm, a wealthy suburban resident of Tuscola, was found in his barnyard with his skull crushed and his face disfigured. He had been for hours unconscious and during that time the oil from his lantern caught fire and burned his right arm almost to a cinder. The surgeon pronounce his case hopeless. He is still unconscious and unable to make any statement. He was known to have drawn a large sum of money from the bank.

Stabbed by a Postmaster.

MOUNT VERNON, Ills., Oct. 22.—A serious cutting affray occurred between Edward Watson and Allen C. Tanner, postmaster of this city. Tanner tried to take a cannon away from Watson which was being used for the Republican meeting here. Watson refused to give it up. A few angry words ensued, when they came to blows. Tanner drew a knife and before he could be prevented had cut Watson in both arms, in the breast and back. No arrests have been made.

Illinois Knights of Pythias.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 18.—The following officers of the Grand Lodge of Illinois Knights of Pythias were elected: Grand chancellor, John Miller of Cario; grand vice, John J. Brown of Vandalia; grand keeper of the records and scales, H. C. Caldwell of Chicago; grand prelate, J. D. Bendict, of Danville; master at arms, Dr. Servis Havans; inner guard, Dr. J. Comings, Rockford; grand exchequer, Charles Nielnan, of Rockford.

Not Down on the Bills.

MARENGO, Ills., Oct. 18.—During the production of the play "Uncle Josh Spruceby" at the opera house, Huse N. Morgan, one of the leading actors, in arranging the saw in the sawmill scene accidentally let his hand fall between the saw and the log and it was literally torn to pieces. It was amputated at the wrist later. By his self-possession a panic was narrowly averted. Nearly a dozen ladies in the audience fainted.

Old Soldiers Reunion at Quincy.

QUINCY, Ills., Oct. 19.—The Eighth reunion of the Fiftieth and Twenty-seventh Illinois infantry, Third Missouri cavalry, and Tenth Missouri infantry is going on here. Four hundred survivors are present. There was a big campfire in the Empire theatre last night.

Two Men Horribly Mutilated.

MINONK, Ills., Oct. 23.—In a wreck on the Illinois Central railroad at Rutland two unknown Austrians met a horrible death by being mashed beyond recognition. Another was so badly injured that his death is momentarily expected.

State Notes.

The two Congregational churches at Galesburg, Ills., have decided to unite.

Maggie Mulligan was burned to death in Joliet, Ills. Her clothing caught fire from a lighted stick in the hands of a playmate.

Grand lodge of Knights of Pythias of Illinois met at Springfield. Governor Altgeld made a welcoming speech and gave a reception to the delegates and their wives.

Only three stores of the business district of Latham, Ills., are left by a fire which destroyed fourteen other buildings and cost the town $20,000.

While the attorneys were arguing his case at Chicago George Bruns escaped from Judge Gibbons' court and stealing a horse and buggy enjoyed liberty for three hours.

H. B. Bennett's oil refining business at Pana, Ills., was closed by the sheriff. Assets $600, liabilities $18,000.

William L. Dunham, a farmer, was instantly killed at Princeton, Ills., by a train on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad.

Elmer Ickes was killed while coupling cars at Warren, Ills.

Thomas Comeford, a well known farmer, was instantly killed at Dwight, Ills., by a Chicago and Alton train.

C. K. Perdue, a leading contractor of Abingdon, Ills., died suddenly.

Conrad C. Boos, of Effingham, Ills., died at St. Louis, Mo., while undergoing an operation for cancer. He was for fourteen years an alderman of the town.

John Claxton raised a field of potatoes near McHenry, Ills., that average over a pound each in weight.

John Stolp, one of the oldest and wealthiest farmers of DeKalb, county, was arrested at Piano, Ills., for disorderly conduct and half an hour afterward was found dead, having hanged himself to a celldoor.

Diphtheria is reported to be epidemic in the country surrounding Abington, Ills. Schools have been closed because of the presence of the disease.

Two farmers near Breese, Ills., unearthed the skeleton of a supposed murdered man buried in a pasture.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Thursday, Oct. 18.

There is a monastery at St. Honorat, on an island near Cannes, France, which was built in the fourth century. No woman has ever been allowed to enter its walls during the 1,400 years of its existence.

A treasury expert declares that there is enough silver now held by the government to make a column one foot square and six and three-quarters miles high.

A married couple in Sawada, Japan, according to a native paper—the father 132 years old and the mother 133—have a family of fourteen, including a son aged 105 and a daughter 108.

It is stated that in this country there now in daily service 600,000 telephones, with 500,000 miles of wire, over which 600,000,000 messages are annually transmitted.

Mrs. Warren Springer, of Chicago, has been indicted by the grand jury for attempting to bribe a juror in a case in which her husband was interested.

As yet no tidings have been received here of the American ship Ivanhoe, coal-laden, from Seattle to San Francisco, now twenty-one days out from Puget sound. She should have made the trip in ten days at the farthest.

Friday, Oct. 19.

Secretary Gresham has returned to his desk at Washington from Chicago, where he went to register. He will return to Chicago in November to vote.

Mrs. Ellen Rocket is forewoman of a big livery stable at Brooklyn and draws the full wages of a man for her services.

The schooner Alva Bradley, which sank between the Mantou Islands, Lake Michigan, in the recent gale is a total loss. The vessel and cargo are valued at $40,000.

A reward of $1,000 has been offered for the will of Charles E. Chauvin, who was recently murdered at Detroit.

The estate of John Moxley, who recently died at San Francisco, is claimed by two women, each declaring herself Moxley's widow. The property is worth $200,000.

Elliott L. Titus and his betrothed, Mary Duff, were found dead in an abandoned bath house at Sea Cliff, N. Y. It was a case of double suicide and the only reason given is the insane romanticism of the young couple.

Saturday, Oct. 20.

Fitzimmons, having got what he considered his rights into the articles of agreement to fight Corbett, is reported to have signed them.

The fifth victim of the mob at Washington Court House, O., is Theodore Ammerman, who has died since last report.

Chicago [celebrated the anniversary of Yorktown in the Revolutionary war, under the auspices of the Sons of the Revolution, by the presentation of an ensign to the Fifteenth regiment, U. S. A. at Fort Sheridan, for the discipline it showed and its services during the strike violence in July last and by a banquet last night at the Auditorum.

Two men are now under arrest as Quantico robbery suspects—one at Cumberland, Md., and the other at Cincinnati—but there is no straight proof apparent against either.

Miss Rosa Wolf, an inmate of the female hospital at St. Louis, jumped from a third-story window of that institution, killing herself instantly. It is supposed she was temporarily insane.

Monday, Oct. 22.

Owing to ill health caused by over-work Judge A. A. Smith, of the Tenth Illinois judicial district, has resigned, to take effect Nov. 15.

National treasury receipts during the twenty days of the present month amounted to $12,874,858, and the disbursements $20,577,000, leaving a deficit for the twenty days of $7,702,142.

Breckinridge has failed to follow up his notice of appeal in the Pollard case and it has been dismissed, thus ending the case with a $15,000 judgment against the colonel, of which Miss Pollard will probably never get a cent.

The management of the Southern railway will on Nov. 1 discharge all train baggagemen, devolving their duties upon the express messengers.

The working home for the blind at Iberia, O., was almost entirely destroyed by fire. One inmate, named Piper, was fatally burned.

Police stopped the fight between Van Heest and Gillespie, at Cincinnati, in the fifth round, when there was every prospect that Gillespie would be knocked out. The fight was declared a draw.

Fire at Chung Kiang, near Hong Kong, destroyed 2,000 houses and burned to death over thirty persons.

Tuesday, Oct. 23.

Four children—Harriet, aged 11 years; Ada, 9; Arthur, 7; Schultz, 5—were burned to death in a fire that destroyed the home of Rev. Ross Taylor, son of Bishop Taylor, the Methodist missionary bishop of Africa. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and the two eldest children escaped with difficulty.

A Birmingham, Ala., dispatch states that W. D. Harney, a Chicago publisher, and Miss Hattie Thornton, of Elbeville, N. Y., were married in that city "by mutual agreement."

Yokohama merchants who have taken contracts for government supplies have placed heavy orders at New York for canvas duck suitable for tents and sails, and for leather and manufactured boots.

During services in the Bethlehem Presbyterian church at Minneapolis a fist fight took place between Aleck Wallace, a member, and an usher named Welch. The cause was a door which one wanted closed and the other open.

Whole Family Helped

"My husband was troubled with **Rheumatism** so that he could hardly lift his hand to his head, and also had severe pains in his stomach after eating. Four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla **completely cured him.** Our son was all run down and Hood's Sarsaparilla built him up, and he gained 18 lbs. Our little boy Leon has also been given appetite, weight and strength by the medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of the **Erysipelas,** which I have had for 15 years and which is now entirely driven out of my system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Since taking Hood's I am better in every way." MRS. H. K. JOHNSON, Lyme Centre, N. H.

Hood's Pills are a mild cathartic. 25c.

TWO SOLDIERS

A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER XVII.

True to Lane's prediction, the court met and adjourned on the following day. Col. Stannard and Maj. Turner telegraphed that they were delayed en route to the railway, and nothing was heard from the other missing members. Two days more found the court in readiness, but the trial did not begin. There arrived on the express from the east, the night before all seemed ready for the opening session, Lieut. Bowen, of the cavalry recruiting service, with two guards who escorted the ex-clerk Taintor.

Telegrams for Capt. Noel had been coming in quick succession, but he himself had not been seen. It was Lowndes who took the replies to the office. The first meeting of the court was to have occurred on Monday. Tuesday evening the judge advocate sent to the accused officer a copy of the additional specifications to the charge of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and notified him that the witnesses had just arrived by train.

At 4 o'clock Wednesday morning Mrs. Lowndes was aroused by a tapping at her door, and recognized the voice of Mrs. Noel calling her name. Hastily she arose and went to her, finding her trembling and terrified. Gordon, she said, had been in such misery that he would not undress and try to sleep, but had been restlessly pacing the floor until after midnight. Then he had gone down to make some memoranda, he said, at the desk in which he and Mr. Falconer had their papers, and, as she could not sleep, she soon followed; but he was not there. Occasionally he had gone out late at night and walked about the parade after every one but the guard had gone to bed, and she thought he must have done so this time, and so waited, and waited, and peered out on the parade and could see nothing of him. At last she could bear it no longer.

Lowndes had heard the sobbing voice and one or two words. He was up and dressed in no time, and speedily found the officer of the day. "Do you think he could have made away with himself—suicide?"

"Suicide! no!" answered Lieut. Tracy. "He's too big a coward even for that."

No sentry had seen or heard anything of him. The whole post was searched at daybreak, and without success. A neighboring settlement, infested by miners, stock men, gamblers and fugitives from justice, was visited, but nothing was learned that would tend to dispel the mystery. One or two hard citizens—saloon proprietors—poked their tongues in their cheeks and intimated that "if properly approached" they could give valuable information; but no one believed them. That night, deserted and well nigh distracted, Mabel Noel lay moaning in her little room, suffering heaven only knows what tortures; far from the yearning mother arms, far from home and kindred, far even from the recreant husband for whose poor sake she had abandoned all to follow him, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness or in health—only to be left to the pity and care of strangers.

But she was in an army home and among loving, loyal, simple hearts. The women, one and all, thronged to the little cottage, imploring that they might "help in some way." The men, when they were not damning the runaway, were full of suggestion as to the course to be pursued. Mabel would accept only one explanation of his disappearance; crazed by misfortunes, he had taken his own life; he had said he would. But the regiment could not believe it, and in forty-eight hours had traced him on the saloon keeper's horse over to the Southern Pacific and thence down to El Paso. More than one man gave a sigh of relief that the whole thing could be so easily settled without the scandal of all that evidence being published to the world. The court met and adjourned pending the receipt of orders from the convening authority. The telegraph speedily directed the return to their stations of the several members. Lieut. Bowen went back to the east, leaving Taintor in the guard house, and in a week Reginald Vincent came to take his sister home and to whisper that Gordon was safe in the City of Mexico—Mr. Withers was sending him money there; and so from her bed of illness, suffering and humiliation the poor girl was almost carried to her train, and all Fort Gregg could have wept at sight of her wan and hopeless face.

She shrank from seeing or meeting any of her old associates, yet was eager to reach her mother's roof, fondly believing that there she would find letters from her husband. It hurt her inexpressibly that he should have fled without one word to her of his intentions; but she could forgive it because of the suffering and misery that bore him down and unsettled his mind. It stung her that Mr. Withers, not she, should be the first to learn of his place of refuge; but perhaps he thought she had gone east at once, and so had written there. She attributed his desertion to the strain to which he had been subjected; but she had been spared the sight of those last "specifications." Her first inquiry, after one long, blessed clasping in her mother's arms, after the burst of tears that could not be restrained, was for letters from him; and she was amazed, incredulous, when told there were none. Mr. Withers was sent for at once; that eminent citizen would gladly have dodged the ordeal, but could not. He could only say that two telegrams and two drafts had reached him from Noel, and that he had honored the latter at sight and would see that he lacked for nothing.

She would have insisted on going to join him in his exile, but he had sent no word or line; he had ignored her entirely. He might be ill, was the first thought; but Mr. Withers assured her he was physically perfectly well. "Everything is being done now to quietly end the trouble," said Mr. Withers. "We will see to it at Washington that his resignation is now accepted, for they will never get him before a court, and might as well make up their minds to it. They cannot drop or dismiss him for a year, with all their red tape methods and their prate about the 'honor of the service.' I've seen enough of the army in the last three months to convince me it's no place for a gentleman. No, my dear; you stay here—or go up to the mountains. We'll have him there to join you in a month."

But the authorities proved obdurate. Even the millionaire failed to move the war secretary. Unless Capt. Noel came back and stood trial he would be "dropped for desertion" ("and if he came back and stood trial would probably be kicked out as a coward and liar," thought to himself the official who sat a silent listener). This Noel would not do. Withers sent him to Vera Cruz on a pseudo business visit, and Mabel, silent, sad faced, but weeping no more, went to a little resort in the West Virginia mountains.

Meantime another court had been convened, another deserter tried, convicted and sentenced, and before being taken to prison he made full statement to Capt. Lane and two officers called in as witnesses. This was Taintor. He had known Capt. Noel ever since his entry into service. Taintor was an expert penman, a gambler, and at times a hard drinker. He had enlisted in the troop of which Noel was second lieutenant while they were in Tennessee, and had deserted, after forging the post quartermaster's name to two checks and getting the money.

The regiment went to the plains; he was never apprehended, and long years afterwards he drifted from a position in the quartermaster's depot at Jeffersonville to a re-enlistment and a billet as clerk in the recruiting rendezvous at the Queen City. Knowing that Noel would recognize him he deserted there, as has been told, taking all the money he could secure by forged checks for small amounts, which he trusted would not excite suspicion. But he had fallen in love with a young woman and she was dependent on him. He came back to the neighborhood after he thought the hue and cry were over, was shadowed and arrested by the police, and had given himself up for lost when Capt. Noel was brought to his cell to identify him. He could hardly believe his senses when the captain said it was all a mistake. Then he was released and went to work again across the river, and one night Noel came—told him he knew him perfectly and would keep his secret provided he would "make himself useful." It soon turned out that what was wanted was the imitation of Capt. Lane's signature on one or two papers whose contents he did not see, and the type writing of some letters, one of which, without signature of any kind, and referring to some young lady, her secret meetings with Capt. Noel, and saying, "You are being betrayed," was sent to Capt. Lane at Fort Graham. Very soon after this Capt. Lane came back. Taintor again fled until he knew his old commander had gone away, and then, venturing home, was rearrested, as has been told.

Lane knew the anonymous letter well enough, but now for the first time saw its object. It was to make him accuse Mabel Vincent of deceit and faithlessness and so bring about a rupture of the engagement, which at that time Noel saw no other means of removing as the one obstacle that stood in the way of his hopes.

But what were the other papers?

August came, and with it the rumors of the appearance of the dreaded vomito at Vera Cruz; but in the remote and peaceful nook where mother and daughter—two silent and sorrowing women—were living in retirement no tidings came. Vainly Mabel watched the mails for letters—if only one—from him. She had written under cover to Mr. Withers, but even that evoked no reply.

One sunshiny afternoon they were startled by the sudden arrival of Regy. He sought to avoid question and to draw his mother to one side, but Mabel was upon him.

"You have news!" she said, her white face set, her hands firmly seizing his arm. "What is it? Have they dismissed him?"

"They can never dismiss—never harm him more, Mabel," was the solemn answer.

* * * * * *

Some months afterward Mrs. Vincent received a packet of papers that belonged to the late Capt. Noel. Mabel had been sent to Florida for the winter, and was spending her early widowhood with kind and loving friends. The consul at Vera Cruz had written to Mr. Withers full particulars of his cousin's death—one of the first victims of the vomito—and had sent these papers with the formal certificates of the Mexican officials. Mr. Woodrow, one of the executors of Mr. Vincent's estate, showed singular desire to examine these papers, but the widow thought they should be opened only by her daughter. It was not until then that, with much hesitancy, the gentleman explained that Mr. Vincent had given him to understand that he had intrusted some papers to Capt. Noel which that officer had promised to send at once to his old friend Capt. Lane. Mrs. Vincent could learn no more from him, but she lost no time in searching the packet.

Within twenty-four hours Mabel was summoned home by telegraph, and there for the first time learned that to her father's partner, for the use of the firm in their sore straits of nearly two years before, Capt. Lane had given the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, and that among Capt. Noel's papers was what purported to be a receipt in full for the return of the sum from Mr. Vincent, which receipt was signed apparently by Frederick Lane and dated July 2, 188—. But this, said Mr. Woodrow, must be a mistake; Mr. Vincent had assured him late in July that he had not repaid it, but that Clark had his instructions to repay it at once, and all Clark's books, papers and receipts had been examined, and showed that no such payment had been made.

"It simply means that the very roof under which we are sheltered is not ours, but that noble fellow's," said Mrs. Vincent; and that night she wrote, and poured forth her heart to him, while Mabel locked herself in her room.

No answer came. Then Mr. Woodrow made inquiries of the officer at the rendezvous, and learned that Capt. Lane had gone to Europe with leave of absence for a year; and there her letter followed him. She demanded, as a right, to know the truth. She had given the executors to understand that the debt must be paid, if they had to sell the old homestead to do it. She would be glad to go and live in retirement anywhere.

Not only did she, but so did Mr. Woodrow, receive at last a letter from distant Athens. The widow sobbed and laughed and pressed her letter to her heart, while Woodrow read his with moistened eyes, a suspicious resort to his cambric handkerchief, and an impatient consignment of all such confounded quixotic, unbusiness like cavalrymen to—to the deuce, by Jupiter; and then he went off to show it to his fellow-executors.

The long summer wore away. Autumn again found mother and daughter and Regy at the dear old home, but light and laughter had not been known within the massive walls since the father's death. The tragedy in Mabel's life coming so quickly after that event seemed to have left room for naught but mourning. "She has so aged, so changed," wrote Mrs. Vincent, on one of the few occasions when she wrote of her at all to him, and she wrote every month. "I could even say that it has improved her. The old gayety and joyousness are gone, and with them the wilfulness. She thinks more—lives more—for others now."

Winter came again—the second winter of Mabel's widowhood—and she was urged to visit the Noels at their distant home; but she seemed reluctant until her mother bade her go. She was still wearing her widow's weeds, and her lovely face was never sweeter in her girlhood days than now in that frame of crape. Of the brief months of her married life they never spoke, but the Noels loved her because of her devotion to him when not a friend was left. In early March the news from home began to give her uneasiness; "mamma did not seem well," was the explanation, and it was decided that they would go on as far as Washington with her, and spend a day or two there, when Reginald would meet and escort her home.

And so, one bright morning in that most uncertain of months, Mabel Noel with her sister-in-law and that lady's husband stood at the elevator landing, waiting to be taken down to the hallway of their hotel. Presently the lighted cage came sliding from aloft. Mrs. Lanier entered, followed by the others. Two gentlemen seated on one side removed their hats, and the next instant, before she could take her seat, the lady saw one of them rise, bow and extend his hand to Mabel, saying, with no little embarrassment and much access of color, something to the effect that this was a great surprise—a statement which her fair sister-in-law evidently could find no words to contradict, even had she desired to do so. Neither of the two seemed to think of any others who were present. Indeed, there was hardly time to ask or answer questions before they had to step out and give place to people desiring to ascend, and then the gentleman nearly tumbled over a chair in the awkwardness of his adieu. Mrs. Noel's face was averted as they left the hall, but all the more was Mrs. Lanier desirous of questioning:

"Who was your friend, Mabel?"

And Mabel had to turn or be ungracious. Her face was glowing as she answered, simply,

"Capt. Lane."

An hour later Mrs. Lanier said to her husband:

"That was the man to whom she was said to be engaged before Gordon; and did you see her face?"

Once again they met—this time at the entrance to the dining room; and there Capt. Lane bowed gravely to "my sister, Mrs. Lanier—Mr. Lanier," when he was presented. The lady seemed distant and chilling. The man held out his hand and said, "I'm glad to know you, captain. I wish you could dine with us." But Lane had dined and was going out.

The third day came and no Reginald. Expecting him every moment, Mabel declined to go with her friends on a shopping tour, and was seated in her room thinking when there came a tap at the door; a card for Mrs. Noel, and the gentleman begged to see her in the parlor. Her color heightened as she read the name. Her heart beat flutteringly as she descended the stairs. He was standing close by the door, but he took her hand and led her to the window at their right.

"You have news—from mamma:" she cried. "Tell me—instantly!"

"Mr. Woodrow thinks it best that you should come, Mrs. Noel; and she has sent for me. Reginald went directly west last night. Will you trust yourself to my care and can you be ready for the next train—in two hours?"

Ready! She could go instantly. Was there no train sooner? She implored him to tell if her mother's illness was fatal. He could only say that Mrs. Vincent had been quite suddenly seized; and yet they hoped she would rally. Mabel wept unrestrainedly, upbraiding herself bitterly for her dilatory journey; but she was ready, and had gained composure when it was time to start. Mrs. Lanier's farewell was somewhat strained, but the captain seemed to notice nothing.

Unobtrusively, yet carefully, he watched over her on the homeward way. Tenderly he lifted her to the pavement of the familiar old depot, where Regy met them. Mamma was better, but very feeble. She wanted to see them both.

Three days the gentle spirit lingered. Thrice did the loving woman send for Lane, and, holding his hand in hers, whisper blessing and prayerful charge as to the future. Regy wondered what it could all mean. Mabel, on her knees in her own little room, pleading for her devoted mother's life, knew well how to the very last that mother clung to him, but only vaguely did she reason why.

At last the solemn moment came, and the hush of twilight, the placid, painless close of a pure and gracious life were broken only by the sobbing of her kneeling children and of the little knot of friends who, dearly loving, were with her at the gate into the new and radiant world beyond.

One soft spring evening a few weeks later Mabel stood by the window in the old library, an open letter in her hand. Twice had she looked at the clock upon the mantel, and it was late when Frederick Lane appeared. Mr. Woodrow had unexpectedly detained him, he explained, but now nothing remained but to say good-by to her. His leave was up. The old troop was waiting for him.

"Will you try to do as I asked you and write to me once in a while?" he said.

"I will. It was mother's wish." But her head sank lower as she spoke.

"I know," he replied. "For almost a year past she had written regularly to me, and I shall miss it—more than I can say. And now—it is good-by. God bless you, Mabel!"

And still she stood, inert, passive, her eyes downcast, her bosom rapidly rising and falling under its mourning garb. He took her hand and held it lingeringly one minute, then turned slowly away.

At the portiere he stopped for one last look. She was still standing there, drooping. The fair head seemed bowing lower and lower, the white hands were clasping nervously.

"Do you know you have not said good-by, Mabel?"

She is bending like the lily now, turning away to hide the rush of tears. Only faintly does he catch the whispered words:

"Oh! I cannot!"

THE END.

A Nervous Apparatus.

With the co-operation of Dr. S. Wier Mitchell, Prof. Fullerton, Prof. Dolley and others, researches are in progress in the University of Pennsylvania on the rate of which the nervous impulse travels in motor and sensory nerves and in the spinal cord, the time of reactions, and of more purely mental processes, memory, and the amount forgotten in a given time, the time of bodily and mental processes in diseases of the nervous system and in other directions. The apparatus now used in the laboratory of experimental pyschology for measuring the time of physiological and pyschological processes is considered the most complete in the world.—New Orleans Picayune.

Perfectly Safe.

Little Tomkins de Lytewyt—Do you know, deah Miss Sangfroi, that I am in howible dwead of this disease they call pawesis. So many bwight fellows die of it, doncher know.

Miss Sangfroi—Make your mind easy, sir, on that score. Paresis is a softening of the brain, and—well, you are perfectly safe.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Paid Millet's Bills and Got a "Corot."

M. Ziem, the Paris painter, relates a story of the brother of the present president of the French republic, and Corot, the artist. M. Casimer-Perier, Jr., was an intimate friend of Corot. On a visit which he made to the great artist in 1875 in his home at Verdizon, in the forest of Fontainebleau, he found Corot putting the last touches on his "Biblis" ("Nymphs In the Forest at Sundown"). The masterpiece filled Casimir-Perier with enthusiasm, and he begged the artist to sell it to him.

"I'll give you my canvas," replied Corot, "on one condition—that you pay the butcher and baker bills of my friend Millet."

"Taken!" answered the wealthy Frenchman.

In Chailly, where Millet lived, the butcher and baker were asked to make out their bills and send them to M. Casimir-Perier. The art lover was somewhat surprised when he found that Millet had lived on credit for 12 years, and that the bills amounted respectively to 22,000 and 24,000 francs—over $9,000. M. Perier paid the bills according to agreement and carried home the Corot. The price at that time was considered enormous, as the purchaser could have bought the painting in the market for about 1,500 francs—less than $400. The bargain, however, was a good one, as the picture today, it is estimated, is worth almost $30,000. It is still in the possession of the Casimir-Perier family.—New York Tribune.

Merely a Coincidence.

An exchange wants to know "if it was merely a coincidence that the recent great railway strike, like that of 1877, came in the year following a great World's fair? The strike of 1877 began on the great railroads which were the chief arteries to the Centennial exposition, celebrating an event that should have aroused the most intensely patriotic feelings. The strike of 1894 followed at about the same distance of time after the Columbian exposition."

HE COULD NOT HELP IT.

CAPT. KING, THE BRAVE SOLDIER WHO WAS FORCED TO BE A NOVELIST.

His Interesting Life and How His Stories Made Him Famous—How He Looks, Dresses and Works—The Romance of His Life.

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The story of Capt. Charles King's eventful life reads more like a work of romantic fiction than a plain statement of every day facts. Capt. King's name has become as familiar as a household word to readers of serial and magazine literature the past few years, and he is today one of the best known and most widely read authors in America. The demand for his stories is so great that no less than six novels are now being printed in as many magazines and syndicates besides several other important new works, and he has enough orders ahead to keep him busy every hour of the day for the next two years.

Capt. King has been writing stories of love and war steadily for the past six or eight years, and in that time he has turned out an incredibly large number of novels, and what is still more remarkable, they are all good ones. Capt. King is a soldier by instinct and profession, a born ruler of men, but the receipt of a savage bullet and the appearance of one or two military stories from his pen combined to force him, somewhat reluctantly, into the field of literature. The demand for his stories gradually became so great that he has been compelled to abandon everything else and become a professional novelist.

Capt. Charles King is a resident of Milwaukee. He lives in a pretty little home on Prospect avenue, surrounded by his happy little family—a wife and several children. He is 46 years of age, but appears much younger. He is small of stature, light and graceful, a blonde, with blue eyes and a handsome, intelligent face. Being near sighted he constantly wears glasses. Excepting a mustache his face is clean shaven. He is fond of society, dresses faultlessly, and like a true military man is erect and dignified, keen of speech and quick at repartee. When not wearing his uniform he occasionally affects dress of a very striking kind. The portrait herewith given shows him in a suit of spotless white cloth in which he occasionally appears during the summer months.

CAPT. KING, AUTHOR OF "TWO SOLDIERS."

Capt. King first tried his prentice hand at writing when a subaltern of artillery, just after the war, but not with pecuniary success, if any other. He found publishers, but no pay. In 1872, while on reconstruction duty in the south, he began "Kitty's Conquest," and tried several publishers with it. No one wanted it, and he pitched the MSS. into a trunk, and went out to Arizona, to join the Fifth cavalry for the Apache campaign. For six years he and his regiment were in one Indian war after another, and scouting all over the continent, from the Missouri to the Colorado. It was while recovering from a severe wound that he began sketches of Indian campaigning, and they led to demands for more.

The Lippincotts read his "Colonel's Daughter" as it was being published as a serial in an army magazine that could hardly afford to pay for the paper it was printed on. They instantly offered to publish it in book form and pay him royalty and to take anything else he had, including "Kitty."

"The Colonel's Daughter" is selling yet, and so is its sequel, "Marion's Faith," while "The Deserter" and "From the Ranks," and his several later complete novels, have exceeded all the publishers' expectations, and astonished nobody more than the author himself. His largest work—and considered by professional critics his best—is "The Famous Battles of the World," an 800 page volume, published in Philadelphia, but he has written several short stories and sketches for Lippincotts, Harpers and others, and for the next year or two, I am told by the captain himself, he can accept no more offers, for all that he can possibly write is bespoken.

In answer to a question as to his method of work Capt. King said that there had been only three months a year until 1887 that he could give to writing. The national guard is a thing in which he is deeply interested, and he has given it a great deal of time. When he does write it is generally for several hours at a stretch, from 8 or 9 in the morning until 1 or sometimes 2. He writes rapidly and yet hates to revise and correct, but no one ever sees his work, good or bad, until it is opened in the publisher's office. Everything he has written since 1882 and much that he wrote before has found its market.

Capt. King was born in Albany, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1844, and comes of a family distinguished in literature and politics. His father was for several years United States minister to Rome, and during the war became brigadier general of volunteers. His grandfather, Charles King, LL. D., was once president of Columbia college, and his great-grandfather, Gen. Rufus King, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and twice minister to England. On his mother's side he is a direct descendant of John Eliot, the Indian apostle. In 1845 Rufus King went to Milwaukee and became editor of The Sentinel, residing there continuously until his appointment to Rome. In 1858 Charles King was sent to Columbia college, where he remained until 1861. Within a few hours after Fort Sumter had been fired upon young King turned up in the camp of the Wisconsin volunteers at Washington, with drum sticks in hand. At 16 years of age he saw his first soldiering in Virginia. He was guide for Gen. W. S. Hancock when he first crossed the Potomac at the head of his brigade. In 1862 King was appointed a cadet at West Point by President Lincoln, and he graduated No. 2,136, and number 23 in a class of 46. After graduating at West Point he was kept there for some time as military instructor—a high compliment to a subaltern officer.

From 1866 to 1869 Capt. King served in the regular army as a cavalry officer, stationed at New Orleans. Then he was ordered to West Point as instructor in cavalry tactics. He was relieved from duty in 1871 to accept a staff position. From 1871 to 1874 he was confidential aid on the staff of Maj. Gen. W. H. Emory, with station at New Orleans. There was a romantic turn to Capt. King's life about this time. It will be remembered that there was a good deal of excitement over an international race of gentlemen riders on the old Metairie track, at New Orleans, in April, 1872. England, Ireland, France and Austria were represented, but there was no one to ride for the United States. At the last minute Capt. King entered the contest, and the race was a notable one. Distinguished people from all over the country were present. The flower and beauty of the south turned out and the grand stand at the Jockey club on that particular day was a scene of bewildering beauty and chivalry. The race was a magnificent one, and to the surprise and delight of every one King won it by two lengths.

After the huzzahs of congratulation had subsided the victor was presented with a gold whip, which he took across the track and laid in the lap of a young lady who had accompanied Gen. and Mrs. Emory. She has the whip yet, and it is suspended from a ribbon over the parlor mantel in Capt. King's cozy home. They were married a few months after the stirring incident. After going through the reconstruction period in the south our hero asked to be relieved from staff duty to join his troop, K, Fifth cavalry. In the Apache campaign in Arizona, in 1874, King saw brilliant service. The troop of which he was in command became conspicuous. Gen. Sherman publicly stated that he considered their services "unequaled by those of any cavalry regiment." On Nov. 1, 1874, King was severely wounded at Sunset pass. He was then only saved from falling into the hands of the bloodthirsty savages by the valorous devotion of one of his soldiers.

For months the intrepid commander was laid up with a shattered saber arm. Almost before it was well he was in the saddle again and went through the terrible Big Horn and Yellowstone campaigns. His service was brilliant, his bravery matchless and his coolness, in the heat of many of the most terrible battles ever fought with the Indians, won him unstinted praise from his superiors. In 1878 King's wound, which had never healed, became so troublesome that he was forced to go before a retiring board. The next year he left the army that he loved so well and became a shelved warrior—full of scars and glory, before he had reached one-half of man's three-score-and-ten years. And thus it was that the soldier became an author. After his retirement he held several important civil and military commissions, and became identified prominently with the national guard, in which he is still very much interested.

In Capt. King's study, where he writes his stories, there is the veritable Navajo blanket in which his soldiers bundled or carried him down the mountain side after receiving his wound at Sunset Pass. There, too, can be seen the pictures in uniforms of many of the heroes of his stories. Shoulder straps, sword belts, forage cap and buckskin leggings are suspended from the walls. There are a thousand and one other curious things picked up by the captain during his army life. On the wall is a fine portrait of Gen. Rufus King, and near by is the magnificent presentation sword owned by the soldier-writer's distinguished father. Altogether it is a home of refinement and taste. Capt. King and the lady who won the Metaire whip have three children, and there is a Charles King, Jr., who is a living picture of the father and a perfect soldier in miniature. G. H. YENOWINE.

Fitted by Experience.

A Massachusetts avenue lady wanted a coachman, and one was recommended whom she interviewed.

"I want a very safe and careful driver," she said.

"That's me, mum," responded the applicant, confidently.

"I'm nervous about horses and I don't want to drive fast, and I don't want to go 'round the corners with a whirl."

"I know, mum, jest what you wants. Them was my orders before, mum."

"Where were you engaged last?"

"Drivin' a hearse, mum."

He got the place and is giving excellent satisfaction.—Washington Star.

Serenading an Absent Couple.

A most disgusted crowd in Saco, the other evening, was one that, after making itself hoarse and tired by an hour and a half spent in serenading a newly married couple and in vainly trying to get the groom to respond, was at last thanked for its music by the bridegroom's father, who volunteered the further information that his son and wife were in a neighboring village.—Lewiston Journal.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 27, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Nat C. Goodwin.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Mr. Felix Morris.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Rush City."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Russell's Comedians.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Della Fox Comic Opera Co.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Donnelly & Girard.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Ward and Vokes.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Captain's Mate."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"Tennessee's Pardner."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

SHAMEFUL CONDITION OF THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.

A burning disgrace to the pride and patriotism of the State of Illinois is the wretched condition in which the Lincoln monument remains at Oakridge Cemetery, Springfield. It is fast crumbling into ruin, and unless speedily repaired, by State or some other aid, will soon totter to its fall. The memory of Abraham Lincoln will be ever dear to the American people and to mankind at large, because he was one of the world's noblest characters, and guided the great republic in safety over a sea of troubles, lashed into livid fury by the mighty storm of the greatest rebellion known to history. But the grandest act of his life was when, on Jan. 1, 1863, he, by the attachment of his official signature to the document of Emancipation, gave liberty to the dusky millions of the South. He will go down to all future generations as the Liberator of the American negroes. The care of the monument that rises above his illustrious dust should, in justice, be a national rather than a state duty. However, as he was the favorite adopted son of Illinois it is only fitting that Illinois should honorably sentinel his tomb.

Just twenty years ago—in October, 1874—the Lincoln monument was unveiled at Springfield, Ill., before the most magnificent array of statesmen and soldiers ever congregated in one day on American soil. Hardly a great American then living was absent from the ceremonies, except Sheridan and Hancock, both of whom were tied down to onerous military duty in the Indian country.

There, however, was Grant, with his grave, soldier face, and massive head uncovered in the presence of Lincoln's relics. By his side, having marched from the city to the cemetery at the head of the Grand Army posts, stood the tall form of Sherman, his quick, keen glance and falcon nose suggesting Atlanta and the march through Georgia. The stalwart McDowell and the humorous Pope were there also; and Logan and McClernand, Oglesby and Cullom, Black and Palmer. There, too, conspicuous by reason of his gold-colored locks, cut rather shorter than usual, his tall, slight, well-knit figure, and with flowing moustache; his clear gray eyes, flashing with the subdued ardor of the born warrior, stood George Custer—doomed ere two years had passed to die amid the corpses of his friends and of outnumbering foes on the distant bluffs of the Little Big Horn. How few of all that grand array are now living! Their eyes beheld the Lincoln monument unveiled in glory, while colors dipped and drums rolled, and the solemn dedication prayer was offered up. Today, those who survive would, in looking upon the scene, turn away in horror from what seems to be little short of a sacrilege.

The Loyal Legion, a military organization composed of ex-Union officers has been doing much toward calling legislative attention to the shameful condition of the monument. Last May Gen. E. A. Otis, chairman of a committee from the Loyal Legion, expressed the opinion that "honor and state pride required the State of Illinois to have full control of the monument and keep it in repair."

Congressmen-at-large Black and Hunter, together with several other representatives from congressional districts in this State, in the same month declared as follows: "We favor the State of Illinois taking sole charge of the Lincoln monument, preserving it, guarding it and making access to it free forever."

The Lincoln Monument Association has signified its willingness to turn over the monument to State contral, so that nothing interferes with the plan, except the dilatory action of the State itself as represented in the general assembly. The association makes the stipulation, among others, that the bodies of the wife, children and grandchildren of Abraham Lincoln shall have the right of sepulture beside his remains.

Nearly every leading person in the State has expressed a wish that the monument should be taken and guarded by Illinois as a matter of duty as well as of pride. Therefore, we hope that at the next session of the legislature the matter will be favorably acted upon. Mr. Charles L. Hammond, of this city, is exerting himself greatly in behalf of the monument, and has sent a circular covering the whole case to every candidate for the next general assembly, and also to the hold-over members of the senate. It will be necessary, however, for the friends of the monument to visit Springfield during the session of the legislature and urge prompt action on the question.

P. V. FITZPATRICK FOR SENATOR.

Mr. P. V. Fitzpatrick, the widely known South Side business man, long and honorably connected with American and Irish public affairs, is the regular Republican candidate for State Senator in the First Senatorial District, comprising the First, Second, and Third Wards. This is a particularly strong nomination, and has given great satisfaction to Mr. Fitzpatrick's numerous friends throughout the city, as well as in the district in which he is running.

Mr. Fitzpatrick was born in Ireland in 1840, and came with his parents to this country in his boyhood. First settling at Toledo, O., he attended school there for some years, and, in 1858, came to Chicago as train boy on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad. The succeeding year he bought a scholorship in Sloan's Commercial College, from which he graduated in March, 1861. On Sept. 10, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the Ninth Regiment Illinois Cavalry Volunteers, and, on Nov. 1, 1862, he was made regimental sergeant major, and served in that capacity until the battle of Moscow, Tenn., fought Dec. 4, 1863, in which he was severely wounded. The injury incapacitated him for further service, and, on April 16, 1864, he was honorably discharged from the army on account of wounds received in action. Mr. Fitzpatrick was one of the original six and twenty carriers appointed to the Chicago postoffice when the free delivery postal service was begun here, in 1864. This position he held for some years, and, in 1868, opened a book, stationery and news business which he still carries on at No. 154 Twenty-second street, where he has been located for over twenty years. Mr. Fitzpatrick is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and other veteran organizations, and has never previously been a candidate for public office. THE CITIZEN most heartily wishes him success in his canvass, believing, as it does, that he would, if elected, do honor to the high and responsible office of Senator for one of the most important districts in this great State.

THE PARNELL DEMONSTRATION.

It would seem that the Parnell demonstration held in Dublin on Oct. 7, exceeded in extent anything Ireland has seen since the O'Connell obsequies and the MacManus funeral. The most significant thing about it is that the main body of the participants were the young men of the country, the coming workers and voters. Nothing could better exemplify the unconquerable spirit of Irish nationality than this great turn out of what is left of the brain and the manhood of Ireland.

"Let us now," says *United Ireland* of Oct. 13, "say a few words as to the dimensions of the gathering. In this respect it was, indeed, National. From every corner in the land came pilgrims to testify their faith in Parnell, and over his grave to pledge anew their fealty to his principles. But the most remarkable feature of the display was its great orderliness, and the calm, serious, solemn demeanour of the vast throng. In this respect it outshines any procession of the kind seen in Dublin within the memory of any living man. From first to last there was not to be seen within the ranks of the demonstrtion a single element out of harmony with the purpose of the celebration. All was order, unity, harmony. Every man felt that he was engaged in a solemn duty, and that there was on him a grave and serious responsibility to see that not one note of discord should have been raised to detract in the least from the imposing effect of the gathering."

"The magnitude of the procession," says the *Independent*, "has been spoken of—it was significant for other reasons. It was a demonstration representative of the whole country. Men from the North and South, from the East and the West, were present to prove the universality of Parnellism. Every county in Ireland was represented by the men who have borne the brunt of the bitter struggle of the last few years, and now they came to the capital to show that the cause had not lost any of its vitality or strength. The men of Cork came to do homage to the Leader who represented them so long, so faithfully, and so well; the men of Meath came in serried ranks to give another testimony of their unflinching independence of thought and action; the men of Newry came to show that his teaching still lives in the North. But why go over the list when it can be summed up in a sentence. The cortege was representative of the best of the whole country. But the memorial procession was but a portion of the demonstration. The countless multitude of people that spread all over the city and extended from St. Stephen's-green to the Cemetery must be considered as an essential and an important part of it. The dense mass of people wearing emblems of their political faith and the ivy leaf—a token of their grief—swelled the demonstration to proportions beyond the posibility of computation. The beautifully fine weather had, no doubt, much to do with the enormous increase in their numbers over last year, as it had much to do with making the entire proceedings so wonderfully successful and agreeable. It would be quite impossible to attempt a calculation of the number of people who walked in the procession, or of the number that watched its progress. After the cortege had passed the Rotundo, O'Connell street from the Liberator's statute to that historic building was absolutely blocked by a dense congregation of men and women; there was scarcely a spare inch of ground in the large thoroughfare, and almost every window was occupied, but still that only represented a portion of the demonstration; to it should be added the close line of processionists that took an hour and a-half to pass a single point, the thick border of people stretching from the Rotunda to the cemetery, the large gathering at the cemetery itself, and the immense assemblage that flocked in College-green, Dame-street, and the line of quays."

Such is the political reawakening of Ireland after three years of lethargy. The people have had time to consider whether it was wise or grateful in them to drive Parnell to despair and death after he had brought one English party to its knees and had more than shaken the obstinacy of the other. Also whether it was humane in them to destroy Parnell, socially as well as politically, at the behest of a nation, some of whose ablest statesmen, including William Pitt, have been drunkards, and others of whom, including Fox, Anglesea and Hartington, now Devonshire, have been debauchees and libertines.

FOUR RICHMONDS IN THE FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL.

The four cornered contest in the Fourth Congressional District of Illinois, said district being within the city limits, is one of the most exciting on record. Timothy E. Ryan, the regular Democratic nominee, is more a man of action than of words, and is making a campaign so vigorous that even those who were familiar with his energy when running for the West Town assessorship are astonished at his vim and tireless perseverance. His meetings are very largely attended, and his friends, as well as himself, are terribly in earnest in the canvass. Mr. Ryan feels confident, he says, that he is going to win, and when a man feels like that it is more than half the battle.

Another candidate, who seems equally confident is the Republican champion, Charles W. Woodman. He, too, has but little rest or sleep these times, and what between fighting the Ryan legions and and those of the Independent candidate, Frank Lawler, he has his hands pretty full all the time. Mr. Woodman is a man of great endurance, and those who know him best say he is capable of making a dozen speeches a night and then keep on talking in his sleep, whenever he gets any. When he wakes up his first question is, "Are all the returns in?" He is already anticipating civic laurels on Nov. 6.

The Independent candidate, Frank Lawler, is also making a zealous fight, and his meetings are said to be about as largely attended as those of either of his rivals. It is said that he claims he will be voted for largely by the Republicans of the district, but at this statement Woodman winks knowingly, while Tim Ryan keeps on sawing wood.

P. J. Miniter, President of the Bricklayers' Union, is the Peoples' candidate in the same district. He simply laughs when Ryan, Woodman and Lawler are spoken of, and says oracularly "I'm the coming man."

THE CRIMINAL COURT CLERKSHIP.

The three most prominent candidates for the position of Criminal court clerk—a very important one in this county—are E. J. Magerstadt, Republican; John C. Schubert, Democrat, and Daniel F. Gleason, People's standard bearer. All are well and favorably known. Mr. Magerstadt, although young, has long been honorably identified with the Republican party in this county, and has been what is known as an active worker. He maintains that reputation as a candidate for office. Mr. Schubert is also in his prime, and is quite as prominent on the Democratic side as is Mr. Magerstadt on the Republican. He has been identified actively with Democratic politics in this county for several years, and is also prominent in the social sense. He is past high chief ranger of the Catholic Order of Foresters, and his administration of that office was a marked success. Mr. Schubert claims to be very confident of winning.

Capt. Daniel F. Gleason, the People's candidate, was born near Cashel, county Tipperary, about forty-five years ago, and is a man of fine physique and great intelligence. He has always been strongly identified with the Labor movement, and ran once for Congress against Lawler, in the old Second district. Capt. Gleason claimed the victory, but the certificate was finally awarded to Lawler by the narrow margin of only fourteen votes. Capt. Gleason is personally very popular throughout the city and county, and his supporters speak very hopefully of his chances of victory.

M'KINLEY, REED AND ALLISON.

Messrs. William McKinley and Thomas B. Reed have filled the ears of multitudinous audiences during the last month, and indulged in heap big talks, mostly on the tariff. What McKinley doesn't know about cut nails—an inspiring topic—is a caution, and he warmed up old Bill Wilson of West Virginia for the discrimination he displayed in his tariff reduction scale in favor of Wheeling, which, it would appear, is the fountain head of cut nails. Some tariff orators make one feel as if all his toenails were ingrowing, but when it comes to cut nails, William McKinley's eloquence makes one's back crawl, and Wilson finds it necessary to make tracks back to his "deestrick," in order to mend his fences and explain somewhat further about cut nails.

Tom Reed of Maine has likewise been rolling out lots of tariff talk. He shoots his enemies standing up, with the double barreled shotgun of his classical nose. When Tom speaks, the Free Traders hunt for convenient burrows and hide their heads therein. He made several great speeches in this city during the week, and said much that was new and much that wasn't, but all of it pretty interesting. Reed is what is called a "catchy" speaker, perhaps because the Democrats catch their breath when he is hammering them.

But William B. Allison, of Iowa, said simply at the Marquette Club banquet that he believed in perfect religious equality and toleration, thus proving himself far greater as an orator, and as a statesman, than more showy political candidates. William's boom will grow—mark our words. Religious toleration is as dear to the hearts of the people of the United States, at least, as "cut nails" or "things to eat."

ENGLAND COULD EASILY BE STARVED TO DEATH.

The statistician of the Agricultural Department at Washington has given a statement of the condition of crops in Europe during 1894, which teaches a valuable lesson in economics:

"The estimated wheat harvests amount to 1,435,410,000 Winchester bushels, against a regular consumption of 1,553,500,000 bushels. The harvest by countries is as follows, the first figures being production and the second consumption:

United Kingdom	61,891,000	239,000,000
France	343,425,000	350,000,000
Germany	113,500,000	125,000,000
Spain and Portugal	110,500,000	125,000,000
Italy	122,950,000	140,000,000
Austria-Hungary	217,000,000	190,000,000
Roumania	44,000,000	15,000,000
Bulgaria	31,000,000	20,000,000
Russia	310,000,000	239,000,000
Belgium	16,500,000	25,000,000
Holland	5,115,000	35,000,000
Denmark	5,100,000	8,500,000
Other countries	54,500,000	43,000,000

"This gives 116,000,000 bushels as the approximate requirements from abroad. Owing to unfavorable harvest weather only a small part of the wheat in Great Britain is fit for milling purposes. The oat crop is considered excellent. There are about 2,475,648 bushels of last year's wheat crop in first hands. The amount necessary to be imported to meet all demands will be about 189,799,680 bushels, or about 3,646,000 bushels a week.

"Commercial Agent Reid of Dunfermline, Scotland, announces that the year 1894, according to authentic reports, will be one of disappointed hopes to British farmers. Since June heavy storms have injured the hay, damaged the grain and produced a widespread attack of disease among potatoes.

"Official estimates of the crop just gathered in France show the quantity of wheat in excess of the average. The harvest makes France practically independent of outside supplies, but some wheat will probably be imported. The drawback on flours, upon exportation, made from the duty paid on foreign wheat has already had the effect of stimulating the sale of French flours in British markets.

"The wheat crop in Roumania is the smallest for five years, the rye crop falls below that of last year, and the yield of barley and oats per acre is the lowest for five years. There was about half a crop of corn.

"In Germany wheat shows a falling off in quantity and quality from last year, and the potato crop is very disappointing. The Austrian wheat crop is expected to measure 50,000,000 bushels. Barley and oats have an average yield, but corn does not promise well. Italian grain is reported excellent in quality. The corn crop, damaged by drouth, is looked on as lost in many districts. Belgian wheat, harvested under very unfavorable conditions, is injured in quality. Hungary's wheat fields yielded 167,000,000 bushels; rye, 61,000,000, and corn 60,000,000. There is an average rye crop in Austria, except in quality, which is deemed poor.

"In Russia the approaching completion of the Siberian Railroad is expected to open up to commerce a new field, and, 'a new and vigorous competitor, will before long be found in the markets of Europe, as an enormous quantity of fertile land will be brought under cultivation by the railroad.'"

It will be be seen by the foregoing table that while nearly every other country of Europe is self-supporting, as regards its cereal productions, Great Britain is absurdly behind. In fact her people would starve to death only for outside supplies. She consumes within a fraction of four times the amount she raises! No wonder that she has to manufacture, and do it cheaply, in order to live. Leaving out Ireland, which furnishes, even crippled as she is, one-third of the produce of the so-called United Kingdom—Ireland, which raises annually more food than would supply twice her present population, at least—what a lonesome appearance the sum total of England's ability in food products has! Of course Great Britain could raise more grain than she is credited with, if the law of entail and primogeniture were abolished, because some of her finest arable lands are tied up by the aristocracy, who prefer deer parks and preserves for pheasants and other game, to raising food for man. The same applies also to Ireland, where, however, a very large proportion of the best cereal producing land in the world is given up exclusively to grazing purposes. This is a result of the famine and the clearances, which, to use the honeyed words of an English lord lieutenant—a Whig and cajoler, like the present viceroy of that country—made Ireland "the fruitful mother of flocks and herds, her natural destiny!" What a humbug! The English have made the hapless island their draw farm and kitchen garden. They killed her manufactures, in the first place, and then locked up the most valuable portion of her agricultural resources, in order that cattle might be fattened for the English market.

It must be, after all, an unpleasant thought for the English, this thing of not being able to raise more than a bare fourth of the food they need each year to keep from starving to death. Of all countries in the world, England, with over-crowded factories and empty granaries, can least afford to go to war. If her fleet, by a combination of events, should be destroyed, her victorious enemy could easily starve her into submission. A pleasant state of affairs, truly!

MR. FRANCIS AGNEW, CANDIDATE FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

Mr. Francis Agnew, candidate for County Commissioner, in the city, on the Democratic ticket, is a man of much more than merely local reputation, as he has done business, on a large scale, in most of the important cities of the central and northwestern States. His fine presence and pleasant manners make him popular wherever he appears, and it is safe to say that no man in Chicago can count more personal friends, irrespective of party affiliation, than Francis, or, as he is more popularly known, Frank Agnew.

He was born in Dundee, Scotland, of Irish parents, about fifty-five years ago, and, having received the usual elementary education, came to this country when a mere lad, in the "forties." Always energetic and industrious, he immediately procured such work as a boy of his age could do, and gradually advanced himself in the practical knowledge of building—the business to which he has mainly devoted himself throughout an honorable career. Early in life he became connected with the Volunteer Fire Department of this city, and subsequently became president of the Firemen's Benevolent Union of the regular department—a position in which he gave universal satisfaction, and which he held for several years. Meanwhile

MR. FRANCIS AGNEW.

he was rapidly making headway as a building contractor, and under his supervision many of the leading structures before and after the great fire were put up, to benefit and adorn the city. Like most other prominent Chicagoans of the period he suffered heavily in the fire of 1871, and had to begin all over again within the month in which his hard earned property was destroyed. He speedily came to the front again, and flourished in business. In the fall of 1874 he was elected sheriff of Cook county on the Citizens' ticket, and served his term with credit to himself and his constituency. After his term of office expired he again devoted himself to business, and was again successful—extending his field of usefulness to St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other leading cities of the Northwest. It was his firm, Agnew & Co., that constructed, in 1892, the largest of modern buildings—that of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts, at the World's Fair.

Mr. Agnew was married when quite young, and has a large and interesting family. His eldest son, John P. Agnew, is associated with him in business. The Rev. P. J. Agnew, pastor of one of the prominent Catholic churches of the city, and one of our most eloquent pulpit orators, is his brother.

Mr. Agnew was twice elected president of the famous Irish-American Club of this city, which so hospitably entertained Charles Stewart Parnell, and other Irish leaders of renown, when they visited this country during the stirring periods of the Land League and Irish National League agitations. He was also one of the first members of the Union Catholic Library Association, and is an active member of other Catholic and Irish societies.

Mr. Agnew, although very strongly Democratic in his principles, has a large personal clientele among both the Republicans and the Populists, and will draw from them a heavy vote on the score of his social attractiveness. He is one of our oldest friends, and, as he is not running for an office that has anything to do with national legislation, THE CITIZEN, as an independent paper, wishes him success in his candidacy, and urges its friends to vote for him. If he is elected to the County Board, he will bring to its councils honesty, ability and a large fund of practical experience, so that, in every way, the county would be a great gainer by his election to the position for which he is a candidate.

THE friends of Mr. Roger C. Sullivan, candidate for County Clerk, claim that he will be elected by, at least, 5,000 plurality.

THE Hon. Monroe Heath, ex-Mayor of Chicago, died suddenly at Ashville, N.C., on Friday of last week, in his 68th year. Mr. Heath made a model mayor, and was particularly endeared to the Irish-American element because of his manliness and liberality. Although elected on the Republican ticket, the Irish-Americans never had a better friend in this city than Monroe Heath.

MR. ORRIN N. CARTER, Republican candidate for County Judge, is making an immense canvass, and has won many warm friends among those formerly opposed to him, by the magnetism of his personality. Together with being a good worker, he is an excellent speaker and deals most courteously with his political adversaries. Mr. Carter is a typical American, and has all the dash and vigor of the national character. He is certainly leaving nothing undone to secure a victory at the polls.

THE lot of the man who is running for the highly important office of treasurer, in such a county as Cook, is a stirring, but by no means a happy one. No two men engaged in the present canvass have done more heavy work than Mr. Theodore Oehne, Democratic, and Mr. D. H. Kochersperger, Republican candidate, for that lucrative office. Both gentlemen enjoy a wide range of popularity and both are fine representatives of the Germanic element of this cosmopolitan population. The demands upon their time and patience have been something amazing, but still they preserve a cheerful demeanor and keep working away with a will for the great prize. Whichever of them may in the end triumph, the people of Cook County may be assured of one thing—in the hands of either their money will be as safe as if it were in the treasury vaults of the United States.

CHRISTIAN C. KOHLSAAT.

Christian C. Kohlsaat, a man who has for years filled one of the most important offices in the community, elected without opposition, and administering justice to the satisfaction of all political parties, is a character most interesting to and beloved by his fellow citizens. He was born on a farm in Edwards county, Illinois, in 1844, of German parents, who settled in the State some sixty years ago. His family moved from the farm when Christian was 10 years old. They resided at Galena, where he attended the common school and academy until 1862. Then he came to Chicago, attending the University, and after graduating, entering the law office of Gallup & Hitchcock, afterwards that of Scates, Bates & Towslie. While in the latter's employ he was thrown on his own resources and took up newspaper work as a side issue to gain pecuniary assistance, thus furnishing the *Evening Journal* a column of legal news, and making it a feature of the paper. In 1867 he entered the County court as minute clerk, pursuing the onerous duties of transcription every night, that the next morning Judge James B. Bradwell might have a complete record of the last days proceedings. For this he was paid $1,000 per annum. In 1867 he entered the active practice of law mentally well equipped; but to augment his income he soon went into the legislature as enrolling and engrossing clerk, gaining much valuable experience in rearranging the statutes to accord with the new State constitution. While in Springfield during the Sessions of 1871-2, he maintained his law office in Chicago. From 1884 to '89 he was a member of the West Park Board, securing the boulevarding of Jackson and Twelfth streets and Ogden and Ashland avenues, thus connecting the parks by fine roads. He is a director of the Illinois Club, member of the Union League, Forty and Fellowship Clubs, and personally interested in many movements for the public welfare. He is an eloquent speaker, a man of gentle, charming manner, yet of firm will and a determination, which with a clear, cultivated intellect goes far towards making our model Judge.

WILLIAM LORIMER.

William Lorimer was born in Manchester, England, April 27, 1861. He is of Scotch parentage. He came to this country with his father and mother when he was barely five years old. His memories of the old land must therefore be few and dim; all his instincts and interests are purely American. His people first settled in Detroit, in 1866. They moved after a time to Port Sand Bag and Bay City, Mich., from thence to Ohio, where they lived on a farm for a short time. They finally settled in Chicago, 1870, and young Lorimer became a papil in the Jones School. Two years later the elder Lorimer died, leaving his son William a fatherless boy, between 11 and 12 years of age, to fight his own way in the world. The boy met his fate bravely, and not many of the great army of self-made men in our city deserve greater credit or admiration than William Lorimer. The fatherless boy became an apprentice in the business of sign painting. He subsequently worked in turn for the Wilson Packing Company, for Armour & Co. and for the Street Railroad company. In the spring of 1886 Mr. Lorimer entered the real estate business. Later he joined with William J. Murphy and the firm of Murphy & Lorimer was established, which is now also engaged in the building and brick manufacturing business. Mr. Lorimer is well known as a public servant. He was superintendent of the water main extension under Mayor Roche; and under Mayor Washburne he discharged the duties of superintendent of the water department. In 1892 he was the nominee of the Republican party for clerk of the Superior court, but he was destined to share the fate of so many others who went down in that memorable landslide. Mr. Lorimer is a young man, but he is recognized as one of the leaders of his party. He is a man on whose word the most perfect reliance may be placed. He has done much in the way of organization, and has a brilliant future. He was a delegate to the convention of 1892, when he was a Blaine man without reservation. He was married in 1885, and has a happy family of four bright and promising children.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

Last Sunday the Innisfail Hurling club defeated the Davitts at 39th street and Wentworth avenue. This victory gives them the hurling championship for the season. The game was well contested. The Innisfails kept in the lead most of the time, but towards the close the Davitts put up a determined spurt and almost caught up with their oponents. Innisfails scored 2 goals, 12 points; Davitts 2 goals, 8 points.

Next Sunday, 28th inst. the Shamrocks and Emmets will play again. This will be one of the most interesting games of the season. These teams played off for the championship of last season, the Shamrocks winning by a narrow margin. They met again last Sunday week when the game resulted in a tie, 2 points each. These circumstances render the game next Sundy one of great interest to Gaelic athletes. There will also be next Sunday a hurling contest between the Sarsfields and O'Mahonys, a tug-of-war between teams from Keeley's and Fortune's breweries, and a flat race of 225 yards for a gold medal between J. H. Stroud, Michigan City A. C. and James Murphy, Shamrock Club, G. A. A.

Monsignor O'Connell.

Rev. Dr. Joseph F. O'Connell has been made a Monsignor by the Pope. A cable message announcing the fact was received by Bishop McDonnell. Dr. O'Connell is pastor of St. Mary's Star of the Sea church, Brooklyn, where he was sent six years ago after the death of Father Loughlin. Dr. O'Connell is nearly 62 years of age. He is a native of Ireland, but his parents moved to Georgia when he was a child. He was sent to St. John's College, Fordham, and after taking the course there completed his studies in France and Italy, being ordained priest at Rome in 1858.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Geasa agus Buadha Riogh Eirinn.

[AIB LEANANMHAIN.]

Atait urgarta do'n righ
Condacht, coimead athir:
cor im Chruachain dia Samna
ni h-adha, acht is eatarbha;

Imthus re marcach eich leith
a n-Ath Gallta itir da chleith;
bandal for Seaghais co se;
saighi i feartaibh mna Maine;

A m-brut bric ni tiastar leis
a fraech Luchait in n-Dail Chais:
atlat sin tiar in each than
cuic urgharta righ Cruachan.

Cluineadh righ Uladh adha
dosom re meas do rala:
cluichi Cualigne crodh m-barc m-beo;
masi sluaigh a Muirthemneo;

Tindsceadal sluaighidh co se
do gress a h-Eamhain Maighi;
forrach giall—is clan ro clos,
co Dun Sobhairci solas;

Seoid ar turcbail a inald
a n-Uisneach Midhi mighid
in each seachtmadh bliadhan bain
uadh do righ Uisnigh imlain.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

(Translation.)

The Restrictions and Prerogatives of the Kings of Eire.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

These are things prohibited to the king
Of Connacht—let him observe them in his country;
To form a treaty concerning Cruachan(1) on Samhain's day
Is not prosperity, but it is misfortune;

To contend with the rider of a grey horse
At Ath Gallta(2), between two posts;
A meeting of women at Seaghais(3) at all;
To sit on the sepulchre of the wife of Maine(4);

In a speckled cloak let him not go
To the heath of Luchaid(5) in Dal Chais;
These are at every time, in the west,
The five prohibitions of the king of Cruachan.

Let the king of Uladh hear his prerogatives,
To him with honor they were given;
The games of Cualigne(6), (and) the assembling of the swift fleet;
The mustering of his host in Muirthemhne(7);

The commencement of his hosting, also,
Always at Eamhain Macha(8);
The confinement of his hostages—of old 'twas heard
At Dun Sobhairce(9) the bright;

A rich gift on taking his place
At Uisneach of Meath of the mead,
In every seventh goodly year,
To be given by him to the rightful king of Uisneach.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

1. *Cruachan*—This was the name of the ancient palace of the kings of Connacht, situated near Belanagare, in the county of Roscommon. The place is now called Rathcroghan, and contains the remains of several earthen forts.
2. *Ath Gallta*—This place was in Ui Maine but it cannot be identified with any name now in existence.
3. *Seaghais*—This was the ancient name of the mountainous district now called Coirr-shliabh, or the Curlew mountains, situated on the borders of the counties of Roscommon and Sligo.
4. *Fearta-mna-Maine*, i.e. the grave of the wife of Maine. Unidentified, unless it be the place now called Toomna, on the river Boyle, in the barony of Boyle, and county of Roscommon.
5. *Luchaid*—This place still retains its ancient name among those who speak Irish, but it is anglicized Lowhid. It is situated near the hamlet of Tobbereendoney in the barony of Inchiquin, and county of Clare.
6. *Cualigne*—This name is still preserved, but corrupted to Cualghe, in Irish, and anglicized Cooley. It is applied to a mountainous district in the barony of Lower Dundalk, in the county of Louth. In an Irish story entitled "Toruigheacht Gruaidhe Grian-sholuis," written by a native of this district, it is thus described: "Is amhlaidh ata an tir sin 'na suidhe .i. an aidhbheis calnteach, cubhrach, cassoideach, agus sleibhte arda aidhbhseacha ur-aoibhne lan de shrotbaibh fionn-chubhracha fior-uisge, agus de ghleannaibh taitneamhacha, taobh-tuine, agus de choillibh min-cluimhseacha, combchothroma air an taobh eile." "This district is thus situated: the noisy, frothy, wailing sea, and the flowing fierce brine on one side of it, and lofty towering delightful mountains, full of white-foaming, pure-watered streams, of delightful green-sided valleys, and of smooth-skirted waving woods on the other side."
7. *Muirtheimhne*—This territory comprised that part of the present county of Louth, extending from the Cualigne (Cooley) mountains to the river Boyne. It was also called Machaire Oirghiall, as being the level portion of the extensive country of Oirghiall, and the ancient inhabitants were called Conaille Muirtheimhne.
8. *Eamhain Maichi*—More frequently written Eamhan Macha. This was the name of the ancient palace of the kings of Ulster from the period of Crombaeth, its founder, who flourished, according to the accurate annalist Tighernach, about three hundred years before Christ, till A.D. 332, when it was destroyed by the three Collas, the ancestors of the people called Oirghialla (Oriels). From this period it remained without a house till the year 1387, when Niall O'Neill, presumptive king of Ulster, erected a house within it for the literati of Ireland. The ruins of Eamhain, or, as it now corruptly called, the Navan fort, are to be seen about two miles to the west of Armagh, to the right of the road as you go from Armagh to Kinnard or Caledon. There are no traces of stone walls, but there are extensive earthen works, showing that it must have been a place of considerable importance.
9. *Dun Sobhairce*—Sobhairce's fort (Dunseverick). An insulated rock containing some fragments of the ruins of a castle, near the centre of a small bay, three miles east of the Giant's Causeway, in the county of Antrim. Charles O'Conor of Belanagare, and all writers on Irish topography down to the year 1833, had assumed that Dun Sobhairce was the old name of Carrickfergus, but in an article in the *Dublin Penny Journal* in May of that year, John O'Donovan proved that it is the place now called Dunseverick.

Better than for Years.

Mrs. E. L. Peet, of 339 School street, Chicago, Ill., writes: "I was overcome by the heat and was very much run down and nervous. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using three bottles I felt better than I had before in years."

Hood's Pills cure indigestion.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

It was practically assured that the talented Felix Morris and his superb company, now playing at the Schiller theatre, would make a brilliant season at that house. In the bright galaxy of dramatic stars annually visiting Chicago Felix Morris is a foremost favorite. His genius as a character comedian of the very first rank is now universally admitted and he is rapidly gaining that pre-eminent place in his art to which his rare talent and unremitting study alike entitle him. In the remarkably great London success "The Best Man" Mr. Morris, as Price Puttlow, an accentric and provokingly funny character, scores another great hit and adds an additional and very strong comedy character to his splendid reportory of character impersonations. So admirably, moreover, is all his work, that the public, which has now grown to know and appreciate him as a dramatic star of the first rank, is eager to witness him in anything he undertakes. Another new and highly successful comedy, "Behind the Scenes" is in preparation, and in that Felix Morris has worked out a character which will certainly add to his ever increasing fame.

Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew, with a superb dramatic company follow Felix Morris at the Schiller theatre. They present an attraction in the shape of a recent great dramatic success, which will arouse more than a passing interest in Chicago, and which will again introduce these leading stars in characterizations specially adapted to their great histrionic talent.

The Gaelic Class meets every Sunday from 2:30 to 6 o'clock p.m., in St. Patrick's Academy, Desplaines street, north of St. Patrick's church, second floor. Books can be obtained at the school from a member of the class.

JOHN C. SCHUBERT.

Hon. John C. Schubert, candidate for Clerk of the Criminal Court of Cook county, was born in Chicago in 1857, of German parents. He received his education at the parochial school of St. Peter's parish, one of the oldest German congregations in Chicago. After completing his education he entered into mercantile pursuits, engaging in the wholesale boot and shoe trade. Upon the organization of the Catholic Order of Foresters he early became a member of St. Mary Court No. 10. At the first convention of the order he was elected a delegate, and has served continuously as delegate of St. Mary court at every convention subsequently held. At the ninth annual session, held in Montreal, Canada, he was elected High Chief Ranger. The tenth annual session unanimously re-elected him to that position, and he has thus served two successive years as chief executive officer of the order. Besides his membership in the Catholic Order of Foresters, Mr. Schubert is a member of several other fraternal orders, among them the Catholic Benevolent Legion and the Royal League, and is a firm believer in the principle of fraternal insurance. He has found time in the midst of his business and society affairs to engage in public life.

Mr. Schubert served for two years as a member of the reform Board of County Commissioners, after which he was elected clerk of the Criminal court of Cook county. He is just completing four years of service in that important office to the entire satisfaction of the public, and at the last Democratic convention was renominated for the same office. In 1881 he was united in marriage with Miss Mary E. Brennan of Chicago, and with his wife lives in a pleasant home at No. 1821 Indiana avenue, Chicago. In politics he has ever been a consistent and fearless Democrat. He has always taken a deep interest in the welfare of the masses, and the workingmen whom he has befriended so frequently say they will not forget him at the polls.

HYMENEAL.

GALLERY–DONOGHUE.

Mr. John J. Gallery and Miss Mary Estelle Donoghue, both of this city, were united in marriage at the Cathedral of the Holy Name on Wednesday morning. The Cathedral was crowded with the friends of the young couple. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony, after which the happy couple left the city on a brief bridal tour. They will be at home to their friends at No. 398 West Adams street Wednesdays in December.

Complete List of County, Legislative, and Congressional Candidates of the Several Parties in Cook County.

	REPUBLICAN.	DEMOCRATIC.	PEOPLE'S. (Uhlich Hall.)	POPULIST. (Bricklayers' Hall.)	PROHIBITION.	INDEPENDENT AMERICAN.
Sheriff	James Pease	Francis S. Peabody	John G. Ogden	Pehr W. Nilsson	Lloyd G. Spencer	R. M. Johnson
Treasurer	D. H. Kochersperger	Theodore Oehne	Joseph Schwerzgen	Theodore Oehne	Wayland W. Wait	S. M. Biddison
County Judge	Orrin N. Carter	Frank Scales	Jesse Cox	Frank Scales	Dana A. Mitchell	W. J. McMillan
County Clerk	Philip Knopf	Roger C. Sullivan	A. B. Adair	Roger C. Sullivan	John A. Kirkpatrick	J. A. Carlsteen
Judge of the Probate Court	C. C. Kohlsaat	F. H. Atwood	O. E. Leinen	F. H. Atwood	Isaac H. Pedrick	E. E. McMillan
Clerk of the Probate Court	A. O. Cooper	James J. Gray	Charles Dold	W. I. Howard	Samuel Young	A. Penz
Clerk of the Criminal Court	E. J. Magerstadt	J. C. Schubert	Daniel F. Gleason	Hans Peterson	William A. Kline	C. Reinach
County Superintendent of Schools	O. T. Bright	Charles F. Babcock	Homer Bevans	Charles F. Babcock	L. M. Wadhams	A. W. Slaught
County Commissioners—City	D. D. Healy	George Edmanson	D. M. Fulwiler	J. J. Finnegan	Edwin W. League	W. L. Abbott
	G. Kunstman	J. A. O'Connell	John C. Harding	J. A. O'Connell	Fred W. Ewell	W. E. Servis
	Thomas McNichols	Joseph Kostner	Thomas Dooley	Thomas McNichols	Clinton D. Zerbe	C. A. Storey
	J. N. Cunning	Otto Hulsman	George Koop	Isaac C. Davis	Geo. K. Tompkins	F. O. Gerhardt
	Louis H. Mack	Peter Kiolbassa	T. J. Elderkin	D. L. Bodette	Henry M. Baker	G. W. Cornell
	J. A. Linn	A. C. McNeill	C. Lahayczak	David McBride	Charles J. Luther	George N. Morgan
	C. Burmeister	Anton Martin	J. D. Merrien	Gus Anderson	William F. Kellett	W. R. Arn
	John Ritter	Albert Ackerman	Jacob Selig	Thomas Heathcote	Andrew Levin	D. L. Raus
	Dave Martin	Francis Agnew	William Sorenson	James J. Doyle	Chas. G. Peterson	M. J. Elms
	T. W. Jones	Felix Lang	W. J. Danford	Nels Nelson	W. H. Cookingham	.....
County Commiss'rs—Country Towns	O. D. Allen	J. A. Burlingame	Peter Miller	.....	Jos. L. Whitlock	.....
	J. M. Munn	F. Wentwick	G. S. Sawyer	.....	J. A. Hutchings	.....
	Henry Beer	Michael S. New	F. L. Malmstedt	.....	James Craigmile	.....
	George D. Unold	John Allis, Jr.	Henry Bessett	.....	John Hardwick	.....
	Geo. Struckman	A. W. Kistinbooker	C. H. Simpson	.....	A. A. Ellsworth	.....
Congress—First District	J. Frank Aldrich	Max Dembufsky	H. S. Taylor	George W. Geary	William H. Craig	W. S. McComas
" —Second "	William Lorimer	J. J. Hannahan	John Z. White	J. J. Hannahan	I. W. Cranmer	.....
" —Third "	H. R. Belknap	L. E. McGann	John B. Clarke	L. E. McGann	.....	.....
" —Fourth "	Charles Woodman	Timothy E. Ryan	P. J. Miniter	Timothy E. Ryan	J. Simington	.....
" —Fifth "	George E. White	Edward T. Noonan	Charles G. Dickson	Edward T. Noonan	Joseph Johnson	J. W. Pickens
" —Sixth "	Edward Cooke	Julius Goldzier	L. W. Rogers	James J. Linehan	Ira J. Mason	.....
" —Seventh "	George D. Foss	Louis Lange	Henry D. Lloyd	.....	Robert J. Mossop	J. R. Strubel
State Legislature—Senate, 1st Dis't	P. V. Fitzpatrick	Bryan Conway	W. H. Bond	.....	.....	.....
" " " 3d "	Sidney McCloud	Edward Maher	R. Featherstone	.....	J. W. Nichols	John Harmon
" " " 5th "	C. H. Crawford	.....	John W. Mackin	.....	F. C. Baird	J. Baydell
" " " 7th "	John Humphrey	George A. Weimer	P. W. Dunne	.....	H. A. Delano	.....
" " " 9th "	Peter Craigmile	William J. O'Brien	S. F. A. Saterlecki	Walter Carmody	.....	.....
" " " 11th "	Fred Lundin	William Peacock	W. F. Cooling	.....	.....	.....
" " " 13th "	Joseph Libal	J. P. Mahoney	William E. Burns	W. L. Eberling	.....	.....
" " " 15th "	John Morrison	James F. Gleason	Henry Rohn	Thomas Johnson	J. M. Bealman	.....
" " " 17th "	E. J. Dwyer	John Gaynor	J. M. Shea	Walter M. Groves	C. Heriestad	William J. Busse
" " " 19th "	D. A. Campbell	Stanley H. Kunz	F. J. Nash	John W. Kinnare	Joseph E. Young	F. A. Kean
" " " 21st "	C. M. Netterstrom	O. D. Swearingen	M. V. Britzius	Charles M. Smith	Henry Rieke	.....
" " " 23d "	G. D. Anthony	John F. O'Malley	V. B. Williams	Edward W. Parlee	W. J. Candlish	G. Sangberg
" " Represent's 1st Dis't	W. H. King	Stephen D. May	Gus Wischman	Dr. F. T. McNamara	A. J. Wieklund	.....
" " " " 2d Dis't	William G. Laub	John C. Sterchie				
" " " " 3d Dis't	Rudolph Mulac	Sherman P. Cody	Chris O'Brien	M. J. Butler	O. E. Whitcomb	J. A. Insley
" " " " 4th Dis't	O. L. Dudley	Edw'd Herdlicka		John Morgan		
" " " " 5th Dis't	George W. Miller	Alex J. Jones	W. C. Walsh	.....	F. A. Luther	John Harmon
" " " " 6th Dis't	William C. Eakins	Daniel F. Curley	John E. Murphy	.....	.....	John Johnson
" " " " 7th Dis't	Frank Bishoff	Henry O. Eirich				
" " " " 9th Dis't	J. C. Buckner	Angelo S. Cella	T. J. Kiernan	.....	J. O. Mussenden	Leo J. Richardson
" " " " 11th Dis't	M. H. Gibson		William Jones			
" " " " 13th Dis't	George M. Boyd	Adam J. Weckler	M. Rathgerber	John C. Taylor	.....	E. H. Griggs
" " " " 15th Dis't	Isadore Piotke	Bern. J. Mahony				
" " " " 17th Dis't	Wm. Thiemann	Clayton E. Crafts	George C. Whipple	.....	T. C. Martin	F. B. Scott
" " " " 19th Dis't	R. H. Muir					
" " " " 21st Dis't	D. A. Shanahan	Philip Steiner	W. G. Smith	.....	.....	John Moore
" " " " 23d Dis't	Ernst Schubert	C. R. Walleck				
	M. G. Mauritzon	Joseph S. Schwab	C. A. Carson	.....	T. J. Bolger	F. H. W. Tanke
	J. P. Cavanagh	E. J. Novak				
		H. P. Carmody	P. Knickrehm	John J. Reilly	.....	.....
	John Meyer	Simon Shaffer				
	W. F. McCarthy	John T. Fleming				
		William Jones	E. G. Bell	William Jones	David B. Carse	.....
	Albert Glade	Ed Rohrig				
	C. G. Johnston	William Burke	C. L. Heeg	James O'Connor	Thomas Puggard	S. Albright
	S. B. Weston	Jas. Fitzsimmons	A. G. Lyons	B. M. Mitchell	George H. Vallow	.....
	Fred Busse	John J. Swenie				
	D. J. Revell	James H. Farrell	Christian Meier	.....	A. B. Renbell	.....
	A. J. Olsen	Wm. H. Lyman	C. F. Peterson	William H. Lyman	Gustave Myhrman	.....
	L. Kilcourse	Tom H. Cannon				

HER EYES WERE BLUE

THE PRETTY MISS WHO WAS NOT SO SIMPLE AS SHE LOOKED.

How Nellie Scott, the Notorious Shoplifter, Was Detected and Sent to Sing Sing—A Quiet Way of Taking Thieves Into Camp Employed In a Big Store.

The scene is laid in one of New York's huge up town dry goods stores. It is the hour of the crush. Crowds of bargain hunting women surge up and down the long, stifling aisles. The cry of the salespeople, the chatter of the cash girls, the noise of scuffling, hurrying feet, the hum of conversation, rising to insist upon bargains here and there—all mingle in a confused, subdued roar.

At one of the busiest counters, where are piled high rich and costly laces, holding their own against the elbowing, irritated, feverish, ceaselessly moving throng, are a pair of fashionably dressed women. Both perhaps wear diamonds, but they are not conspicuously displayed. They are quiet of demeanor. Nothing by look or action would separate them, so far as the superficial view would reveal, from hundreds of others in that eddying, clamorous mass.

Evidently one of the women is the purchaser, the other merely accompanying her. They consult over possible purchases. These completed, they give the direction to the saleslady. The price is high. They consult their pocketbooks and discover they have not sufficient change about them.

"Please to send the goods C. O. D. tomorrow. It will be abundant time."

The saleswoman is pleased. She bids her agreeable customers to come again. They reply with a charming smile and are lost in the crowd. Unnoticed after them wanders a pretty, blue eyed girl. She has been standing near them, purse in hand, at the counter, rather wistfully eying their purchases, wondering no doubt if she shall have money enough some day to do as they. Her hair is golden and hangs pendent in a plait down her neck. Her eyes are big and blue, with all the innocence of a schoolgirl. A jaunty sailor hat caps a trim and attractive figure.

The women from the counter move toward the door. The little girl is not far behind. If you had looked closely—something you would have never thought of doing—you might have seen a sharp, keen eyed young man eying the girl closely. If you had been an attentive observer, you might have seen this innocent, blue eyed little girl nod sharply at the two women as they pass out, then turn on her heel and go back among the crowd. Then you would have noticed that the sharp eyed young man quietly left the store with the two women. He is fashionably dressed, idly wears a cane and has doubtless been making some purchases himself. Half a block away he taps one of the women on the shoulder.

"Madam," he says half roughly, but politely, "the woman at the lace counter would like to see you."

The women look up with astonishment. They are quite sure they have left nothing, but the young man is urgent.

He suggests that they had better not make a scene. He blandly suggests that it is doubtless all a mistake, but return they must. Otherwise—an officer stands at the corner.

Seeing that there is no escape, the women return. One of them is searched in the superintendent's office. A roll of rich laces, worth probably hundreds of dollars, is found, ingeniously stowed away in a rear pocket. Evidently she is an expert. She is a queen of the shoplifters, and she has run against one of the sharpest private detectives in the city. He knowing her, she not being aware of him, he has the advantage. This particular woman, Nellie Scott, of very wide and generous notoriety, is now doing time in Sing Sing. For years she had been operating against the stores, living like a woman of wealth and fashion. It is a gay life while it lasts, the work is easy, but always is the day bound to come when she will feel that tap upon her shoulder and know that she is caught.

Just how she was discovered she probably never knew. Neither do a long line of other shoplifters that have been sent over the road from a mistaken attempt to work this store. Neither Nellie Scott nor any of the rest was ever for a moment conscious of the innocent looking but watchful eyes intently laid upon them by that pretty little girl, with the sailor hat and the golden hair, bound in a schoolgirl's plait.

This is one of the many means adopted by the great dry good stores of the city to protect themselves from the plundering shoplifters which prey upon them. It is a very popular means, because it is one of the surest and most effective, and at the same time the patrons of the store are not annoyed by the palpable presence of a detective. They do not feel under any irritating espionage, and the shoplifters never know when these soft, innocent looking paws are to pounce upon them.—New York Herald.

Discouraging to Burglars.

There is little encouragement for a man to be a burglar nowadays. When he has an earnest aspiration to rise to eminence in the profession, inventive genius always does all it can to bother him. For instance, the vaults of the subtreasury in San Francisco are fitted with wires laid between every two rows of brick, so that any attempt to interfere with the cement or the bricks will disturb an electric circuit and sound a warning bell.—Boston Courier.

Painting the Forth Bridge.

The Forth bridge receives a new coat of paint every three years, and one-third is done each year, so that the painters are continually at work. Besides the painting, every part of the structure is carefully examined and loose or defective rivets removed and new ones put in their place.—Glasgow Herald.

STELLER'S SEA LION.

In Temper He Is More Lionlike Than the Lion Himself.

Steller's sea lion is the king of the pinnipeds. Unlike nearly all other sea animals that have been gloriously misnamed after familiar land quadrupeds, his appearance is quite lionlike, particularly his massive head and ferocious countenance and his powerful neck, covered with long, coarse hair of a tawny gray color. While he does not roar quite so thunderously as the king of the desert, he roars much oftener and more universally. In temper he is more lionlike than the lion himself, for the old males are continually fighting and cutting each other with their long teeth in a way that real lions never dream of. They are timid and afraid in the presence of their master—man—but so is the lion also, for that matter, though he is not a stupid idiot, like the sea lion.

Steller's sea lion is at home in various places in North America, from the Farallone islands and Point Reys, near San Francisco, northward along the Pacific coast to the Pribilof islands. He loves the most rugged and rocky shores, where the breakers thunder unceasingly against the foot of tall black cliffs. It is on the Pribilof islands, however, that this animal may be seen in the greatest numbers and at his best. The herds that make that wild spot their home number many thousand individuals. The herd that frequents the northeast point of St. Paul's island is drawn upon by the natives for food and other purposes as regularly as if it were a big herd of cattle. In Mr. Elliott's time that one herd is said to have contained between 18,000 and 20,000 head.—St. Nicholas.

That Friend of Your Youth.

Next to the lynx eyed younger brother with his terrible memory and his great eloquence the friend of her youth is the being whom every woman wishes most to avoid. The friend of one's youth remembers and recalls in public all one's early follies. She asks if you have forgotten the day you ran away from school, the afternoon you were whipped for playing with the boys around the corner, the day you painted your face with the artificial roses on your mother's bonnet and the night you demolished a whole jar of jam at a sitting. She generally does this when the minister is calling or when your prospective mother-in-law is eagerly drinking in the story of your youthful crime.

Then the friend of your youth goes on and enumerates forgotten love affairs, recalls your successive flirtations and conveys to the listeners the impression that you were a very gay person indeed. She feels free because of her position to criticise your clothes, your manner, your fiance and your looks. For the same reason she considers herself at liberty to borrow any of your possessions, from a handkerchief to the contents of your purse. And when she has done all these things she sits down and sentimentalizes about the past and makes you agree that such halcyon days will never come again.—New York World.

A Remarkable Dog.

The following peculiar incident is told by a Baltimore man as occurring to his fox terrier: "One day, while the cellar door was open, the dog descended in search of rats at about 9 o'clock. At 9:30 the dog was searched for and thought lost. No further notice was taken in the matter until the next morning at 11 o'clock, when I was attracted by a dog yelling. After a careful search in the cellar, which revealed only a pile of sand by the wall, I noticed the dog's nose protruding through an inch board at the top window of the cellar looking into the yard. I went immediately up stairs and removed five bricks from the pavement and pulled the dog out. After a careful inspection I discovered he had dug under the foundation of the house in the sand, which had caved in on him. Finding no other means of escape, he dug up to the surface, a distance of six feet, and on arriving at the brick surface, which had been recently paved, dug toward the window, a distance of three feet, and had nearly eaten through the board in his efforts to free himself. He was nearly exhausted when found, having been 26 hours underground. One eye was entirely closed from sand, the other nearly so."—Baltimore Sun.

A New Umbrella Stand.

A funny incident of a drawing room meeting was recently noticed. A grave looking gentleman, with an unusually tall hat, entered, and seeing no rack in the hall placed his hat on the floor just behind the door. Pretty soon another grave man entered with a large, dripping umbrella, and peering anxiously for the usual receptacle saw in the gloom the hat resting on the floor. His eyesight was probably poor, for he mistook it for one of the new umbrella holders, and in it he deposited his dripping umbrella. This was an example for those who followed, and in a short time the solemn looking hat was stanchly holding a dozen umbrellas. At the end of the meeting the water in the hat was an inch in depth.—London Tit-Bits.

An Edison Invention Idle.

Ten years ago Mr. Edison applied for a patent in his own country for a new method of generating electricity, which is now made public. It consists of a furnace on which is placed an iron pot or crucible, through the closed cover of which a stout rod of carbon passes down to near the bottom of the crucible, where it is surrounded by dry metallic oxides or other compounds capable of attacking carbon under heat and in rarefied air. The closed crucible is connected with an exhaust fan by an exhaust pipe. This invention seems to have been abandoned by Edison. At all events, it has not as yet come into practical use.—London Globe.

M. Meyer of Paris has invented a kind of paper that is indestructible by fire. Specimens after remaining 148 hours in the heat of a potter's furnace still retained the glaze.

THE CONVERTED KING.

Once to a wicked king drew nigh,
On ill intent, a mousing spy,
Who said, "I know a strange old man
Who calls you all that malice can—
A cruel tyrant, fired by hate,
Who grinds the poor and bleeds the state."
The king was vexed, and in reply
Declared the slanderer should die,
But when he came before the king
He answered "Yes" to everything
The spy had charged. "Look round," said he,
"On all your work of misery.
No subject stirs his lips from fear,
And speaking truth has brought me here."

The king, on finding one so bold,
Confessed to all the truth he told
And promised straightway to amend
And to his subjects be a friend,
Then gave to him who dared to die
Honors for his fine bravery.
—Joel Benton in New York Ledger.

CHATS WITH GYPSIES.

A Few Phrases With Which to Break Down the Romany Reserve.

The gypsy is generally talkative when you have broken down the barriers of reserve. For the benefit of the novice I will, however, remark that policemen (prastramengros) and hedgehogs (hotchiwichis) are both good subjects for discussion. The gypsy does not break the law more often than his neighbors, but a policeman, as the embodiment of all that is orderly and conventional, is antipathetic to him. As for hedgehogs, they are cooked and eaten by the Romany, who are wonderfully clever at tracking and capturing these very shy animals. The other day one of my gypsy friends informed me that as a cure for deafness there was nothing to equal a little melted hedgehog's fat applied to the ear.

The following few words and phrases, spelled as phonetically as possible, may be useful to any one paying his first visit to a Romany camp. By adroitly introducing them into his conversation the visitor may succeed in avoiding that appearance of inexperience and greenness which might tempt his hosts to receive him as an inquisitive gentile rather than as a future "Romany Rai:"

Good day, brother	Kooshto divvus, pal.
What is your name?	So see tooty's nav?
I, you	Mandy, tooty.
Give me	Del mandy.
To see	To dik.
A little beer	A koosi levinor.
To smoke a pipe	To toov a swegler.
Tent, caravan	Tan, wardo.
Water	Paani.
Child	Chavvi.
Yes, no	Awa, kek.
Good luck to you!	Kooshto bok to tooty!

—Pall Mall Budget.

Growing Walking Sticks.

The cultivation of material for walking sticks is carried on in quite an extensive scale in some parts of Europe, and special attention is often paid to making the roots grow into shapely forms for handles. While in London last year I went in to a manufacturing establishment, the floor space of which covers nearly an acre. This concern has storehouses filled with native and foreign sticks, from which stock is drawn as wanted for the shops. The sticks as they grow are often very crooked and have to be straightened. A heap of sand is piled on the top of a hot stove, into which the sticks are plunged until they become pliable. The workman takes the crooked stick while it is yet hot and inserts it in a notch cut in a stout board, placed at an angle inclined from him, where he bends and strains it. When it has become perfectly straight, it is thrown down to cool, after which it becomes rigid and permanent in its lines. The same power which makes a crooked stick straight is applied to make a straight one crooked. All the various kinds of sticks that are required to be curled or twisted are, by the application of heat, made to assume almost any shape or form.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Perils of Politics.

"My friend," said the candidate for sheriff of Cheyenne, drawing a one eyed stranger close to his means of livelihood, "do you want to make $5 easy tonight?"

"Yep."

"All right. When I say in my speech, 'Is there a man among you who will deny this statement?' you jump to your feet in the rear of the hall and shout: 'Yes, sir, I will. You are a liar, and I can provo it!' and read from this clipping. Then I will call you down and make you ridiculous, but you will get the V nevertheless. Is it a go?"

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"I tried the same thing in Butte City a year ago, and the candidate jumped on me so hard that the audience kicked me out of the hall and rode me out of town on a rail. I didn't get the $5 either. Try it on some one else. I've been there."—Boston Herald.

A Shrewd Dog.

A gentleman once stopped his gig at the door of a shop. Entering the shop, he left the dog on the seat of the gig. The horse took fright at something and bolted off down the street, dragging the reins on the ground. The dog at once jumped down and seized the reins in his teeth. Although he was pulled along for some distance, he kept pulling against the runaway horse till he managed to bring it to a standstill.—Family Herald.

The Wonders of the Sky.

The Professor (enthusiastically)—Ah, Miss Nomer, astronomy is a grand study! Look now, for instance, at Orion. Yonder is Mars, over there is Jupiter, and that beautiful blue star is Sirius.

Miss Nomer (deeply interested)—Oh, professor! How wonderful! But tell me, how did you astronomers ever find out the names of all those stars?—Answers.

Great Britain and Ireland is full of thirsty citizens if the quantity of cork used in a year is to be taken as a criterion. It takes 70,000 tons to stopper the ale and beer bottles on the tight little isle in 12 months.

Egyptians of Moses' time are believed to have been a cross between the black races of the south and the white invaders from the north.

FAMOUS ARCHERS.

Stories of Wonderful Skill With Bow and Arrow.

The expression "drawing a long bow" does not of necessity mean the telling of a falsehood. It sometimes refers to a wonderful story, which may be true enough, but which is so marvelous as to require a firm trust in the veracity of the narrator to enable the hearer to believe it. Some of the longest bows of this sort have been drawn about bows and arrows.

These stories began long ago. Virgil, in the "Æneid," tells of four archers who were shooting for a prize, the mark being a pigeon tied by a cord to the mast of a ship. The first man hit the mast, the second cut the cord, and the third shot the pigeon as it flew away. The fourth archer, having nothing left to shoot, drew his bow and sent his arrow flying toward the sky with such speed that the friction of the air set the feathers on fire, and it swept on, like a meteor, to disappear in the clouds.

The stories told of Robin Hood's archery, illustrated by his wonderful performance as Locksley in Scott's "Ivanhoe," are also a decided strain upon a sensible person's credulity. The famous story of William Tell, doubted by many persons, is believed by others to have a foundation of fact. There was a Dane named Foke of whom the same story is told, and William of Cloudesley, an Englishman, is said to have shot an apple from his son's head merely to show his expertness.

Most stories of bows and arrows relate to the accurate aim of the archers, but a Frenchman, Blaise de Vigenere, tells one that shows the tremendous force with which an arrow may be propelled if the bow be strong and long enough. According to his own account of the matter, he saw Barbarossa, a Turk, admiral of a ship called the Grand Solyman, send an arrow from his bow right through a cannon ball.—Philadelphia Times.

He Was Smart Enough.

"I witnessed a very interesting incident when I was in Washington a couple of years ago," said Francis T. Gray of St. Louis, "and I have frequently laughed over the lesson it taught. I was strolling out one of the broad avenues in the residence part of the town, Connecticut, I think it was. Well, a couple of Chinamen, attired in robes of silk and satin of the most gorgeous description, came pushing along at the characteristic gait of their race. The superior appearance of the Celestials did not appear to affect a number of small boys who were loitering on a corner, for there was an immediate chorus of 'Chinamen eat rats' as the men approached. The Chinamen took no notice of the juveniles, who followed in their rear, continuing their shouting. Farther up the street a youth was standing on the sidewalk, and as the Chinamen passed him he, evidently inspired by the boys, asked them what shirts were being washed at. He apparently thought the Chinamen didn't know a word of English. You can imagine his discomfiture then when one of them turned to him with an expression of the deepest commiseration on his face and remarked in excellent United States:

"'You seem to be a very nice looking fellow. What makes you such a fool?'"—Washington Star.

Brasses and Bronzes of the Hindoos.

The brass and bronze trade is kept alive by the religious customs of the Hindoos, who are not allowed to use wooden and earthenware vessels freely, and brass and bronze are to them as important as glass and china to the westerners. Almost all Hindoo utensils are of brass, copper or bronze, and it is the custom to present the female portion of a Hindoo family with a valuable batterie de cuisine, made either of brass or copper, and a still existing Hindoo ceremony is that of carrying the utensils in a procession at the wedding. The result of this custom is that almost all the platters, trays, bowls, nut crackers and all brass and copper utensils are most beautifully ornamented, and there are lovely combinations of brass and copper and silver and copper. All Hindoo women used to have lovely brass caskets covered with ornamentations called chellams, manufactured in Malabar, in which they kept their jewels, but these are fast being replaced by the vulgar English japanned dispatch box. At Sivaganga a beautiful but seldom patronized brass trade exists, which makes toys and most lifelike representations of animals, lizards, frogs, etc.—Chicago Tribune.

Aluminium and Glass.

M. Charles Margot of the physical laboratory of the University of Geneva, says L'Industrie, has made a curious discovery. He has found that by rubbing on glass with an aluminium point we obtain clear metallic lines, which cannot be removed by washing, no matter how often repeated. Many applications can be suggested for aluminium in this direction. It can be used instead of the engraver's tool in cutting designs on glass. With the aluminium pencil diamonds can be distinguished from imitation, since it will make no mark on a diamond. It is possible that the new discovery may make a great difference in the making of cut or engraved glass.

Too Tough For Them.

Two runaway convicts took refuge in a church which was having an experience meeting. They listened to the stories told by several of the regenerated until one of the fellows exclaimed in a whisper to the other: "Come, Jim, let's get out o' this! It's a tough crowd, and no man's life's worth a copper!" And out they lit.—Boston True Flag.

Dennis Koorobee, who died in Ireland in the early part of 1852, had 48 children, 236 grandchildren and 944 great-grandchildren.

Thunder in September indicates a good crop of grain and fruit for the next year.—Old Proverb.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels; four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case	$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved)	$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved)	$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting	$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face	$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH. MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

IT WAS ONLY A DREAM

THE TRAMP'S VISION OF EXISTENCE UNDER THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Hungry and Tired, He Wandered Into a Chicago Populist Meeting—Its Speakers and Atmosphere Carried Him Away, Facing Reality Without Breakfast.

[Special Correspondence.]

A man stood on the corner of the street watching a procession of American citizens marching with torches and banners to the patriotic music of a brass band. He was not well dressed, not even clean, and his eyes had a hungry gleam in them. Perhaps I should not have said "man," since he was evidently that peculiar nineteenth century production so inspiring to cheap wits and plutocratic newspapers—the tramp. He was still hunting work and had sadly deteriorated in the process. He mechanically followed the long procession and entered with them. The building, he afterward learned, was Central Music hall. It was filled to the dome with restless, enthusiastic humanity, such a crowd as he had never before seen.

The chairman arose and began a few words of introduction. As he spoke a tall, slender, quiet man advanced to the front of the stage. No further words of the chairman could be heard. The audience, with one impulse, rose to their feet and the occasion. They shouted, clapped, stamped, waved hats and handkerchiefs until the great organ fairly rumbled in response. Moments went on. The cheering continued, rose in louder waves, receded, swelled again and yet again. Meanwhile the quiet man stood before them, serene and smiling, waiting for a chance to be heard. At last the noise subsided, and he began. "Three cheers for Debs!" called out an unsatisfied admirer, and again the dome quivered with volumes of sound sent up to it.

It mattered not what Debs said. It was the man Debs—the man maligned, persecuted and prosecuted for possessing human sympathies—they wanted. To see him was enough. His every word was cheered, and they were few, for two overflow meetings waited to hear him. The tramp, away back in a corner, began to feel the warm magnetism of sympathetic contact with enthusiastic human beings pleading his cause. He forgot he was hungry and homeless. Another man was introduced who received a scarcely less rapturous ovation than the first. To his clear, simple words he listened with closest attention. The easy, narrativelike style of the speaker held him closely to the last. Who that has ever listened to Ignatius Donnelly wonders at it? Soaring with his imaginative flight to the planet Mars, and wondering with the wise scientists there whose telescopes allow them to see all that passes on earth, but not to hear, why so many mills and factories are silent, so many men idly wandering about, why so many granaries and storehouses are full, and so many people have nothing, our tramp learned for the first time that good and learned men thought these things wrong as well as himself.

It was a great experience for the tramp. His brain was not stupid, only torpid. He was not hopelessly ignorant, only untaught. To be told that his wants and wishes were natural and right and that justice demanded he should have an opportunity to satisfy them was to have the old, inbred code of morals upset within him. He scarcely noticed when the crowds began to pour out of the great hall, not even when the lights were lowered, and only when the corridors began to echo strangely to a few straggling footsteps did he rouse from his reverie. The usher who passed through the gallery did not see him crouched in a corner next to the wall, and presently doors below and around him began to clang, the last footfall died away, and the darkness of midnight shut him in.

Then he vaguely thought he would get up and try to find his way to the street. He groped along, stumbled against a small open door, found himself in a narrow passage, dimly lighted he reasoned not how, and followed it, not knowing what else to do. It was inexplicably long, he happened to think presently, and as he did so he noticed a door standing ajar, which opened into a pleasant garden. He stepped out and was surprised to find himself on a large lawn, where fountains were playing, flowers blooming and soft music floating out from some invisible source. Beautiful women and handsome men in artistic dress were grouped about conversing, walking, playing games or reading.

"I've run into some nabob's ranch, and if they see me they'll set the cops after me," thought the tramp. So he watched the pleasant scene from behind some shrubbery until, sadly satiated with seeing and not sharing, he turned away into a secluded path. Soon he met two well dressed young men, who smilingly accosted him:

"Hello, comrade! Just come in from a walking trip? You haven't had time to rest up and dress yet, I suppose?"

"Why, you don't know me?" he stammered.

"Ha, ha!" laughed one. "I suppose you belong on the earth and can't be so much of a stranger. Queer taste you have to choose to wear such clothes, and you must have struck some strange wilderness not to have been able to change them before they got so worn and soiled."

"I've been in some strange places, but in the best I couldn't find a chance to change these clothes for better ones."

A look of repulsion crept over the faces of the young men.

"It isn't possible you are one of those unnatural beings whom I have heard of, but never seen, who will not work at all?"

"Heaven knows I am anxious to work at anything if I can only earn a decent living at it."

"Then why the dickens don't you? Queer specimen, I must say."

"Did you ever try hunting a job?" the tramp asked, with a slight sneer in his tones. They broke into a hearty laugh.

"The idea of hunting a job! Well, that's rich. Two strong fellows like us—as good roadbuilders as there are in the country. Well, I guess not."

The tramp could only gaze at them in surprise. As he gazed they passed on, laughingly remarking that he must be in a hurry to get home to a bath and a clean suit of clothes.

"What! Do they mean that they actually work, and that they never hunted a job? Do they dig the ground, haul dirt, break stones, grade streets like common laborers, those young swells? It's a joke they're playing on me. I don't believe it," the tramp soliloquized as he stared after them.

But he wandered on and presently came out on a broad, white road, leading past some large, fine looking buildings that suggested machinery, though they were much better than anything he had ever seen in the way of shops. He saw a wide entrance gate standing open and concluded he would pass through. He saw great rows of splendid machinery, huge piles of unwrought iron, some partly finished castings, but no workers, and the wheels and belts were silent. He went on, up a wide flight of stairs, noting with a connoisseur's eye the perfect arrangements for work, the cleanliness the order and good ventilation. Still he saw no one. He wandered on and finally came upon two men who were trying to move a loaded cart on a small steel track. Instinctively he placed his shoulder against the car until, with their united efforts, it started.

"Thank you kindly," said one, who looked like a gentleman amusing himself in a workingman's overalls. "I wish we might persuade you to stay with us a few days," he said wistfully.

"Why, I'm willing enough. Just give me a place to sleep and enough grub to fill up on."

The gentleman looked at him with astonishment. "Where in the world did you come from? Here, you go over there to the door marked 'office.' You'll find a man there that will talk to you and be very glad to see you."

Our tramp needed no second bidding to move toward the door designated. He slowly turned the knob and carefully walked in. A fine old gentleman in his shirt sleeves, with his silk hat on the back of his head and his gray hair much tousled about, bent over some small pieces of machinery, with a worried expression on his face.

"Please, sir"—began the intruder.

"Eh? Who is it? What can I do for you?" exclaimed the old gentleman, dropping his work and quickly turning around.

"It's nobody in particular," the tramp deprecatingly said, half expecting to be sworn at for troubling the gentleman when his business should be made known. "I called to see—I didn't know but you needed some workmen."

"What! Do you mean that you want work?" exclaimed the old gentleman, coming forward to shake his visitor's hand. "Why, I'll give you anything you ask," and then he stopped as if an idea had struck him or some carefulness in dealing had occurred to his mind.

"Why, now I come to look at you, there's something familiar in your appearance, something that brings back old times. Fifty years ago, when I was a young lad in my father's works, I used to see such chaps as you hanging around, fairly begging the old man 'to give 'em a job,' as they called it. Haven't seen any like you for more than 25 years. You can't hire a man anywhere unless you give him as much as his productions come to. Just think, I've got orders in that must be filled, and not a man can be had for love or money. I've got my son and a fellow I helped once out there doing a little. If I could get two more skillful men, I'd roll up my sleeves, and we could manage to get out the orders. But I can't get them. All the co-operative factories are running full blast, for the high flown working men must all have fine houses, fine furniture, music, books, art, modern improvements—everything that used to belong exclusively to the rich—and the demand is right up to the supply. Can't get a man to work more than four hours a day either. Say they don't have to, and on what they earn they live like princes. Great state of affairs. I must admit it's safer and more reliable, and we needn't fear panics, but I can't get over the old fashioned liking for the time when employers controlled their workers, ran everything their own way, and the common herd had to be humble and suppliant. I'm bound to live out my time on the old lines. Now, you look like those old time fellows that were always out of work. How you come here I don't know, but it makes me feel good, and I'll hire you. What wages do you want?"

The tramp, bewildered and rejoiced at this harangue, was studying whether he might not, under the employer's emergency, ask $4 a day. When the rich man, fearing he was about to refuse, said: "Come, I'll give you nearly 90 per cent of what you produce. Say you'll produce about $30 worth in four hours, I'll give you $25 for the time."

The tramp started so violently that he came in sudden contact with something hard and cold. He looked up. It was so dark he could see nothing but a tiny gleam of light far away, like something shining through a crack in a distant shutter. He was lying on a floor, and his hand struck against something he thought was a seat. He was alone in the great theater, and he had only dreamed, after all.

With the coming of day he was released and sent out to hunt a breakfast at the price of three hours' hard work, where he might ponder in vain over that $25 for four hours' work; that dreamland where workers lived like princes and looked like students or artists, and to wonder if he would live to see such a state of affairs. If it looked so impossible, he asked himself why it shouldn't be true and could think of no answer.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Chicago.

UNDER AN ELECTRIC FAN.

The Disagreeable Experience of a Man Who Tried to Sleep.

"Ever sleep under an electric fan?" said a citizen to a newspaper man. "No? Well, I tried it one summer night, and the next morning I had it taken out of my house. I heard it was a great thing on hot nights, and as I could not sleep very well I had one put in my bedroom. You see, it was all very well at the start. The cool breeze was delicious. I had left the window open, and the arms of the fan seemed to catch a barrel of fresh air at each revolution. I felt splendidly, for I had been very hot before, and I tickled myself at the prospect of a good, sound sleep. But the whir, whir, humming noise of the fan seemed to attract my attention persistently. I tried to count the arms of the fan and then turned out the light. Then the noise seemed to increase. It was zoo-zoo-zoo all the time, and I could not sleep. I actually got hot thinking about that fan. It was zoo-zoo for hours, changing irregularly to whir, whir, whir, until at last I was almost crazy. I don't know how it happened, but I must have dropped off to sleep, for I had a dream. I thought that I had climbed about a big windmill and had become fastened to the end of one of the arms. It was blowing a gale, and the arms of the windmill were flying around at a terrific rate.

"As I went through the air the wind seemed to cut me like a knife. It buzzed in my ears and ran through my hair like a tornado through a forest. Finally, as I dreamed, I became unfastened from the arm of the windmill, and the momentum I had received threw me far out into space. I dropped and dropped and dropped. I tell you I was scared. I guess I gripped the pillow so tightly that it woke me up, for I did awaken just about the time I was about to drop around the earth again. I had the pillow hugged and pinched, and was perspiring like a colored laborer in a harvest field. I raised on my side and cursed that fan like an insane man, calling on it to stop. Then I arose and shut off the electricity. The thing died out with a moan, and I dropped off to sleep in a minute. This was about 2 a. m. No, sir. Don't give me any more electric fans to sleep under. It is as much as I can do to sleep without them."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hollow Pistons.

The fact, though an infrequent one, that hollow pistons, on being heated for removal from the rod, have unexpectedly exploded has been the subject of special investigation in France, the fact appearing that during the last 20 years five explosions have occurred in French workshops in the reheating of these hollow cast iron pistons. It appears from the statement made in this connection that, on examining into the interior of a piston which had been in use some 11 years, there was exhibited a brown substance which contained fatty matter—oxide of iron, peroxide of iron and carbon—and this being the case it was supposed that a certain quantity of water had been forced into the cavity in service, either through the iron or through some imperfection in the plugs with which the original core support cavities were filled. The water, in forming oxide of iron, set free its hydrogen, which filled the piston cavity, and as the recombination of this hydrogen with the oxygen at a low, red heat would have the effect of producing an explosion of the character in question the suggestion is put forth by the experts having this examination in charge that such a result may be prevented by tapping before reheated.—New York Sun.

One on Jones.

The Merchants' club was enjoying its weekly smoke talk.

Mr. Jones, the well known clothier, was recounting one of his experiences.

"Brown and I were great rivals in the spring of 1856," he was saying. "His store was directly across the street from mine. He was a hustler and pushed me pretty hard. One day a young fellow who was on his uppers applied to me for a job. I sent him out that night with a hammer, a lot of spikes and 100 pieces of tin, each a foot square, with the inscription:

"'Buy your pants of Jones.'

"I gave him $5 for the job, with instructions to spike the pieces of tin to the sidewalk in front of Brown's store.

"I was a little late in getting down to the store the next morning. What did I see but the same man kneeling on the sidewalk, with a nail puller in his hands, engaged in pulling up the spikes and tins that he had put down the night before. He had on a new pair of trousers, with a tremendous rip in them, and on his back was a placard reading:

"'I bought my pants of Jones.'

"Brown had given him another $5 to undo the job that he had done for me. I never felt so cheap in all my life."—Boston Herald.

Prescribing In Sleep.

"I had an unusual experience once," said a celebrated London doctor, "which illustrates how accurately the brain may sometimes carry on the activities of the day during the interval of sleep, although such unconscious action would not do to swear by. I watched all night at the bedside of a patient. Early in the morning I lay down, telling the nurse to call me if such and such changes occurred. The changes came, and she did call me. I rose, went to the bedside, examined the patient carefully, changed the medicine and ordered a different treatment. Then I went back to bed. When I awoke again and the nurse referred to the change in the night, I did not know what she meant. I had not the faintest recollection of having been called or of having prescribed anything else. I examined the patient. She was better. Then I turned to the remedies. They were just what the case required. I had carried on the proper course of reasoning and had met every emergency of the case, and yet I was sound asleep all the while."

A FROST FOR A FROST.

Colonel Slupsky Puts a Gentleman on Ice to Take the Chill Off.

The Sabbath calm that usually reigns seven days in the week at the Hon. Jim Cronin's establishment at Twenty-first and Market was violently disturbed early in the week by Colonel Abe Slupsky, the school board reformer, who attempted to kill, murder and slay Mr. F. C. Howard by freezing him to death in Mr. Cronin's icebox. Colonel Slupsky dropped into the saloon with a couple of friends just as Mr. Howard, who seems to have been blowing himself, invited all hands to take something. When he saw the colonel ranging up to the bar, Mr. Howard looked at him severely and said, "Nay, nay, Pauline; it's off!"

"What's off?" queried Slupsky, who had not been aware of Howard's generous intentions.

"Your graft. We are not playing ringers on this track. You're ruled off the course. In other words, such drinks as you pays for you gets; not otherwise. See?"

"I was paralyzed," Abe confided to a friend. "I'd never laid eyes on the fellow in my life before, nor he on me, but I couldn't stand a play of that sort, you know. Great Scott! If I had all the drinks that are coming to me! Well, anyhow, I put a quarter in the darky's hand and whispered him to open that long, low icebox Jim has over against the wall and leave it open, and then I walked up to Mr. Howard and said:

"'I don't know who you are, sir, but you mustn't leave me out of a general treat this way. It hurts my feelings.'

"He said he'd see me gormed first, and with that I caught him, and before he could even begin to cuss any I had him in that icebox, with the cover down. Well, sir, I thought I'd die. He was the most surprised man I ever saw in my life. I guess that icebox was about the last place on this earth he thought he was heading for when he began his play.

"Well, I went to the door and stood there, although at first I intended to keep him there until he agreed to treat me. While they were getting him out and peeling the things off him somebody asked him what he wanted to insult Congressman Frank that way for.

"'Great Scott! Was that Congressman Frank?' he says. 'Let me see him,' and he came to me, with his hand out, saying: 'Congressman, you must forgive me. I had never seen you before, and I'm sorry that I insulted you.'

"I stood on my congressional dignity awhile and asked what my constituents would think of it if they heard I was grafting for a drink, but finally I forgave him, and we all went in and had something. I invited him to come down and see me at my office in the Turner building, and when he calls I guess Nat Frank and he will have a nice time getting themselves straightened out.

"I'd give a dollar to see the interview between 'em."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LABOUCHERE KICKS.

What Some Folks Call Generosity He Declares Is a "Monstrous Job."

The queen's generosity in providing palaces and other residences for foreign princes and princesses at the expense of the British taxpayer is again rousing the ire of Radicals, says a London letter. The scandal has hardly subsided over the thrifty pensioners of her majesty, who have been turning Hampton Court palace into a boarding house, when now it is announced that she has been pleased to grant the studhouse, also at Hampton Court, to Princess Frederica of Hanover and her husband, with the benefit of the survivorship. The princess is one of the wealthiest personages in Europe, and she only rarely comes to England for a brief visit. It is announced that the studhouse is to be extensively repaired and improved for her occasional occupation. This moves Mr. Labouchere to remark:

"If this arrangement has really been made, it is a most monstrous job, and one of a peculiarly objectionable kind, as during the reigns of George IV and William IV parliament protested so strongly against such reversionary grants that they were altogether discontinued of late years. However, the queen has privately revived the system of giving royal residences with survivorship, and I am informed that nearly every warrant which has recently been granted has contained the obnoxious reversionary clause. The next sovereign of these realms will have to live a long time before he has either houses or apartments to give away.

"I believe in at least one case the queen has signed a warrant granting what really was an official residence to the wife of the present occupant in case she survives her husband."

Hardships In the Goldfields.

Americans who are thinking to try their fortune in the new Eldorado of western Australia should consider some of the conditions of life in the new goldfields before starting on a fool's errand, says a correspondent. Recent letters are full of doleful tales of hardship. Not more than five men in a hundred are lucky enough to strike it rich, and the region is already vastly overpopulated. The lack of water is the greatest drawback. Water commands 25 cents a gallon at Coolgardie, 37 cents at Hannens and 50 cents elsewhere. In the gold district many horses have died of thirst by the roadside. Five hundred men at Coolgardie are anxious to get work at any wages.

The Record Price For Pictures.

Eleven thousand guineas (something over $55,000) is now the record price paid in an auction room in London for a picture. This amount was realized at Christie's for Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Lady Betty Delmse, sister of the Earl of Carlisle, with her children, a picture which is well known through engravings. It was put up at 5,000 guineas and was secured by Charles Wertheimer, a dealer, for 11,000 guineas.—London Standard.

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Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; Thomas Donohoe, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 5021 Lake av; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 530 W Erie-st; J F Walsh, V P; Joe Lamb, Rec Sec, 530 W Erie-st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Archer hall, Paulina and Indiana-sts at 8 p m.

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Div 15—John McGuire, Pres, 5200 Centre av; Thomas Swift, V P; Patrick J McCarthy, Rec Sec, 5158 Aberdeen st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; John T Kenny, Treas. Meet N E corner 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 3822 Justine st; James Took, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 1609 Ashland av; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; Patrick Carroll, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday each month at 3 p m in Burk's hall, 5252 Ashland av.

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Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4633 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 839 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael Kennedy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, 2934 Butler st; M H Curry, Fin Sec; P O'Connor, Treas. Meet in Schaefer's hall, 25th and Canal streets, 1st and 3d Thursday of each month.

Div 22—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, FS; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

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Div 33—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 829 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Kelley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

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St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 445 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 859 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Ivy, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Keelzar, 108 22rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschaffe. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Enlebrachet, 1027 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1139 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 79 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 488 Larrabee st; R S, Peter Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 223 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st

WON A BIG PRIZE.

August Heidleck, Once a Laborer, Now Rich—Invests a Dollar in the Honduras National Lottery and Wins a Capital Prize.

Barely over a year in Chicago and then he arrived without a cent in his pocket, August Heidleck left today with $4,000 and an exalted opinion of his good luck.

Heidleck is a native of Canada and was brought up on a farm on the St. Clair river, above Port Huron. There he toiled with his father until of age, when he came to this country to earn his living. That was fifteen years ago, and when he started out he was a common laborer. In Detroit he was married, and a wife and two children will welcome him in their humble home at 284 Orleans street tomorrow.

In April of 1893 Heidleck left his family in Detroit and came to Chicago in search of work. His first permanent position was secured with Reeve & Co., liverymen, at No. 278 Chicago avenue. There he acted in the capacity of hostler and washed wagons. Occasionally he was allowed to drive, but his salary remained less than $1 a day, and it was hard work supporting himself and family on such a small allowance.

One day last month Heidleck decided to invest a dollar with the Honduras National Lottery Company. He secured a one-fifth ticket and then built air castles and told his friends what he would do if he only won. The day of the drawing found Heidleck promptly on hand to scan over the list. His heart almost leaped from his throat when he discovered that his number drew the second capital prize of $20,000. The ticket was at once sent to Paul Conrad for collection, and today the express company gave Heidleck a crisp check for $4,000. He could hardly realize his luck when the bank exchanged a roll of bills for the check.

When seen by a reporter for the *Dispatch* Mr. Heidleck said: "The first dollar of my new fortune went for another ticket, and I am now anxious to win the capital prize in the Honduras company. The balance of my money will be used to purchase a farm up in Michigan. I will move my family up there and we will now be fixed for life. It was indeed a lucky dollar for me, and I am too pleased to discuss my future. This is the first ticket I ever bought, but I felt sure I would win a prize. A friend of mine also drew $200 this month."—*Chicago (Ill.) Dispatch, Oct. 10.*

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The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

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Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was, on the 8th day of February, A. D. 1894, appointed Receiver of all of the estate, real, personal and mixed, of every name, nature and description, of the American Building, Loan and Investment Society, a corporation existing under the laws of the State of Illinois, within said Circuit.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and shareholders of said Society to file their claims against said estate with the Receiver at Room 59 in the Hartford Building, in the City of Chicago, in the State of Illinois, within thirty (30) days from October 10th, 1894, being the first day of the publication of this notice; the creditors by filing a statement of account verified by affidavit, and the shareholders by filing the certificates for the shares of stock held by them. Any creditor failing to file his claim, and any shareholder failing to file his certificate within the time limited, shall be debarred from sharing in the assets of said estate. W. K. SULLIVAN, Receiver.

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